THE WIL OF WIT, Wits Will, or Wils Wit, chuſe you whether.

Containing fiue diſcourſes, the effects whereof follow.

Reade and iudge.

Compiled by Nicholas Breton, Gentleman.

Non hà, Che non ſa.

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To Gentlemen, Schollers, and Stu-

dents, whatsoeuer.

Gentlemen, or others, who imploy your time in the ſtudies of ſuch Arts, as are the Ornaments of Gentility, to your courteſies I comméd the vnlearned diſcourſe of my little wit, which as I will not intreate you to commend, deſeruing the contrarie: ſo I hope you will not diſdaine, though it deſerue diſcommendation, but ſo by your pardons, excuſe my ſmall diſcretiõ by great deſire, that hereafter with leſſe haſte, I may take as great care as paines, to publiſh a peece of worke, ſomewhat more worth the peruſing. Till when, wiſhing you all the fauor of God, with good fortune of the world, I reſt in honor of learning to you and all Students.

A louing freend
N. B. Gent.

A New Booke saies one, true, it came forth but tother day, good stuffe saies an other. Read, then iudge. I confesse it may seeme to a number, a bolde attempt, to set out a forme of wit, considering the witty discourses, of such fine wits as haue deserued such cõmẽdation, as may driue this meane peece of woorke of mine into vtter disgrace, were it not that perfect courtesie dooth beare with imperfect knowledge, regarding more the good minde in the writer, then the matter written, and therefore the best will giue good woords, whatsoeuer they think, to incourage a forward will to doo better, when indeede it were a fantasticall heade that coulde doo worse. VVell when VVit is a wool-gathering, and VVill wandring, the worlde without guide, what a case that manne is in, that is in such a taking I referre you to madde folkes, of whome you maye see examples sufficient, and so I beeing in a certaine melancholye moode, past all Godsforbod, tooke my Pen and Inke and paper, and somewhat I would goe doo, whatsoeuer it were, to put out one conceit, and bring in an other, at last, and at first, of a suddaine, vnwares, and at aduentures, by Gods

good helpe, and good fortune, the litle wit that I had, meeting with good Will, I knew not how, fell to worke, (at first) I know not what, but hauing written a while, I made somewhat of it, which though litle to any great purpose, yet, if it please the readers, I am contented, & if any man thinke it well done, then Wit shall thinke Will a good boy, and Will shall thinke he tooke Wit in a good vaine, and Will and Wit shall haue the more heart hereafter, to fall to further woorke, but if I haue bin more wilfull then wise, to trouble your wittes, with a witlesse peece of worke, pardon me for this once, ye shall see I wil please you better hereafter, in the meane time desiring your courtesies to commend what you thinke worthie, and not to disdain without desert, I rest, wishing your content in what you wish well, as I pray you wish me as I doo you.

Your freend *Nicholas.*
Breton Gentleman.

Ad Lectorem, de Authore.

VVHat thing is Will, without good Wit?
Or what is Wit, without good Will?
The one the other doth so fit:
As each alone can be but ill.
But when they once be well agreede;
Their worke is likely well to speede.

For proofe behold good Bretons will,
By helpe of Wit, what it hath writ:
A worke not of the meaneſt ſkill,
Nor ſuch as ſhewes a ſimple Wit.
But ſuch a Wit, and ſuch a Will:
As hath done well and hateth ill.

I neede not to commend the man,
VVhom none can iuſtly diſcommend:
But doo the beſt, the beſt that can,
Yet ſome will ſpite, and ſo I ende.
VVhat I haue ſaid, I ſay ſo ſtill,
I muſt commend, this VVit and VVill.

FINIS.

Ad Lectorem, de Authore.

WHat ſhall I ſay of Golde, more then tis Golde?
Or call the Diamond, more then precious:
Or praiſe the man, with praiſes manifolde,
When of himſelfe him ſelfe is vertuous,
Wit is but *VVit*, yet ſuch his Wit and Will,
As proouse ill good, or makes good to be ill.

Why? what his *Wit*? proceede and aſke his *Will*,
Why? what his *Will*? reade on, and learne of Wit:
Both good I geſſe, yet each a ſeuerall ill,
This may ſeeme ſtraunge, to thoſe that heare of it.
Nay, neere a whit, for vertue many waies,
Is made a vice, yet Vertue hath her praiſe.

Wherefore, O *Breton*, woorthy is thy worke,
Of commendations, worthy to the woorth:
Sith captious Wittes, in euery corner lurke,
A bolde attempt it is to ſet them forth.
A forme of *Wit*, and that in ſuch a ſort,
As none offends, for all is ſaid in ſport.

And ſuch a ſport, as ſerues for other kindes,
Both young and olde, for learning, armes, and loue:
For Ladies humors myrth with mone he findes,
With ſome extreames, their patient mindes to proue.
Well *Breton*, write in hand, thou haſt the thing,
As when it comes, loue, wealth, and fame will bring.

VV. S.

A pretie and wittie Discourse, betwixt Wit and Will.

LOng haue I trauailed, much grounde haue I gone, many wayes haue I trode, muckle money haue I spent, more labor haue I lost, in seeking an old friend of mine: whose cõpanie so courteous, his counsaile commodious, his presence so pleasant, and his absence so græuous, that when I thinke of him, and misse him, I find such a misse of him, as all things are out of frame with mee. And out of frame, can come to no good fashion. Oh what shall I doo? It is long since I lost him: long haue I sought him. And too long (I feare) it will be ere I finde him? But wot you who it is? Oh my wit, I am from my Wit, and haue beene long. Alas the day. I haue bin almost madde, with marching through the world, without my good guide, my freende, and Companion, my Brother, yea, my selfe. Alas, where is hee? When shall I see him? How shall I seeke him, and whither shall I walke? I was too soone wearie of him, and am now weary of my selfe without him. Well, I will goe where I may, I may hap to finde him: but hap is vnhappie. Therefore hap good, or happe ill, I will walke on still: if I finde him, happy man. If I doo not, what than? Content my selfe euen as I can, Patience where is no remedy.

VVit.

Long haue I lookt, far haue I sought, oft haue I wisht, and sore haue I longed for my merry mate, my quicke spirite, my dearling, and my dearest byde: Whose courtesie so contentine, whose helpe so necessary, whose necessitie

so great, whose presence so pleased mee, and absence so angers mee: that when I would haue him, and see, I am without him: I am not in order, and being out of order, can take no good course. Alas what shall betide mee? I haue lost my loue, or my loue hath lost mee. Would God wee might meete againe, and be merry togither: which I cannot bee without him. Oh what haue I lost? my Will, Whither is he gone? when will he returne? who hath led him away? or will bring him backe againe? what company is he falne into? or how doth he leade his life? Well, time yet may turne him. Till when I wishe for him, hoping to meete him, but hope is uncertaine: yet hope well, and haue well. Thus alone I cannot dwell, if I finde him so it is: if not, then iwis, I must be content with this. Patience is a vertue. But whome doe I beholde so neere? It is my Will, with heauie cheere: well, I am sory for this geare. Yet will I to him out of hand, and knowe, howe so the case doth stand. What? Will? Will. Who? Wit? Wit. Whither away? Will. Where I may.

Wit. Whereto? Will. Oh to doe. Wit. What? Will. Teach thou me that. Wit. Why, sighe not boye? VVill. Oh all my ioye. VVit. Where is it VVill? VVill. Among the ill. VVit. What? Is it lost? VVill. That greeues me most. VVit. And not to be recouered? VVill. Oh my heart is almost dead. VVit. What? Will? Holde vp head. I will be thy friend to death.

VVill. The giue me leaue to fetch my breath. And welcome, twise and thrise well met: where my hearts ioy is set. Many a walke haue I set, but no comfort could I get, till now by thee mine onely friend, with whome I meane my life to ende. If thou wilt giue me leaue good wit.

VVit. Yes good sweete will, and glad of it. will. Then harke good wit vnto my tale: not of amidde my blisse in bale, nor any such like stuffe so stale. I studie not to talke in verse, but I will vnto thee rehearse, a plaine discourse, in homely prosse, wherein I will at large disclose: How I

haue

haue liued, with whome, and where: how I was tossed, heere and there. How I did chaunce to trauaile hyther, and so we will be merry togither.

Wit. Contented. Verse is good sometime, but sometime prose, and sometime ryme. But be it eyther prose or verse, what so thou wilt, good will rehearse: I meane to heare it to the ende. And quit thee quickly as a friend. But since thou likest prose so well, begin in prose thy tale to tel.

Willes Tale.

OH good wit, (if thou dost remember,) I left thee in trauaile to the Well of Wisdome. Since when, I haue wandred through a wildernesse of woe, (which in the Mappe of that Countrey (I finde) is called the Desart of Desire. Wherein I sawe so many wayes, as now in this, and then in that. At last I came to the hill of harde Happe, which ledde me downe into a Dale of Vanitie. There did I liue in the Lake of Miseries, with the lost people, that hauing followed Fancie, found Penitence, the reward of running heades. But Lord, what a life it is? I lothe to thinke on it. Beleeue me sweete wit, there is such falling out with Fancie, who shiftes all vpon Folly. Such exclamation vpon Folly, who bringes them to Fortune: such cursing and banning of Fortune, for her froward dealing: in gentle helping them vppe vppon the wheele, and then suddaine dinging them downe (almost to their destruction,) that if there bee a Hell in this worlde, there is the place. God keepe all good mindes from such a filthy corner. Wit. Amen. But tell me how camst thou thence? will. I will tell you anon: but first I will tell you more. There is of all States, Princes crye out of cares: Lordes, of lacke of liuing: Ladyes, of false Loue: Souldiours of want of paye: Lawyers, of quiet: Poore men, of Law: Merchauntes, of shipwracke: Harri-

ners, of scule weather: Usurers, of Sermons, and Diuines of Usuric: Players, of Preachers, and Preachers of Players: Dicers, of losing, and losers of Dicing: Cryples, of fighting, and fighters of hurtes: the Rich, of sickenesse: the Poore, of want: the Sicke, of paine: the healthfull, of ill happe: the vnhappie, of the time that euer they were borne. Oh, it is a pittious crie: I would not be there againe, to heare it as I haue done, for the gaine of Europe.

VVit. Beleeue me, I cannot blame thee: but tell me, how camst thou thence? VVill. Oh brother, I will tell you how: you knowe, sometime trauailers must needes haue rest, which they must come by, as they may: Now I hauing walked, (as I tolde you) through this vnpleasant place: weary at last, I layde me downe in the ditch of Distresse, where, finding many dead skulles, and other boanes, I there thought to beginne a sleepe, or sleepe my last: now lying there, in such sorte as I tell you, me thought in my sleepe I sighed, in which sorrow, a good motion of minde, set my heart to prayer: which tended to this effect, that it would please, the mightie and mercifull Maiestie, of the most highest, to sende me some meane, to leade me out of this miserie: boeing as it were from my Wit, and altogither comfortelesse. Now suddainly there appeared vnto me, an olde aged man, who toke me by the hand, with these words: Arise thou sluggish wanton, walke no longer out of thy way: turne thee backe from this straye pathe, experience doth teach thee: what is VVill without VVit? Prayer hath procured thee pardon, the high and onely God hath giuen thee Grace, by Grace goe seeke, that is worth the finding: loke where VVit is, to him, and make much of him: With ioye of that worde, I awaked, and with shame of my Folly in leauing thee, I hung the head: with sorrowe whereof, I was almost of life depriued: but now by thy sweete welcome, wholy reuiued: now awake (I shoulde say) I sawe none but thee: and now while I liue, I will followe thee.

Wit.

Wit. Why, was it heere you slept, or haue you come farre since you waked? Will. No, no, heere did I sleepe, heere is the place of paine so vnpleasant: but nowe I see thee, I haue receiued comfort, for that I know thou canst leade me to Wisedome, who will soone shew me the way to Paradise. wit. Why then will, well hast thou slept, better hast thou dreamed, but best hast thou waked, to hit on me so happily, who intende to bring thee to that good beginning, that shall leade thee to endelesse blisse. But to quit thy tale, I will tell thee a little of my trauaile, and so we will away togither.

Wits Tale.

WIll: thou knowest when I left thee, in the lane of learning, I went on straight to the schoole of Vertue, and with her Testimoniall, to the Well of Wisedome, which standes within the Pallace of Patience: where I found the Fountaine kept with foure Ladies, whose names were Wisedome, Temperance, Fortitude, and Iustice: now when I came thither with sufficient warning from Vertue: yet (for order sake) they thus vsed me: wisedome, which stood with a Snake in her hand, (ouer whose head was written) I see the holes that subtill Serpents make, thus vsed her warie speech vnto me: Sirra (quoth she) how, presume you into this place? frō whence came you, and how and whither will you? Lady, (quoth I) from Fancies Forte I came, and am now trauailing to the Forte of Fame: I came now directly from the Schoole of Vertue: brought thither by Learning, had by reason, seruant to instruction: and heere beholde Patience, who hath lead me, who is further to pleade for me: Welcome (quoth shee) but art thou not wearie? no (quoth I) nor would be, if the walke had beene longer, to haue my will. Will. Why diost thou thinke me there aboute? oh Lord I was far wide. Wit. Peace Will a while; when

I denide wearinesse: Yea (quoth Fortitude) an other of the Dames (ouer whose head was written, I yeelde to good, but ouerthrowe the ill.) I will see if you be weary or not, I must trie a fall with you. At first I made no account of her, but when I begunne, I found her of great force. Yet in the ende, shee was content to giue mee ouer, and let me come neere the Well. Nowe vppon the Well brinkes stode Iustice, ouer whose heade was written: My hande hittes right, Death is my stroke, my ballance will not lye. Then was my wordes written downe by Memorie, and weyed with Truth: which beeing euen in iudgement, shee bad mee welcome: and so was content, to let me lay my lippes to the sweet lycquor of Sapience. Oh it is a delicate Water.

Nowe as I stode, I heard a Trumpette sounde, which done, I heard a voice which said: VVhat Trompe can sound the true report of Fame? Now desirous to see ỳ place, whence I heard this sound, I craued the Ladies passport to the saide place: who gaue me no other passport, then the cõmaundement of Patience: warning me in any wise, to take holde of Time, when I met him: and turne him to my vse: with these two, I should come to the port afore me. I right glad of my good happe, toke leaue, and forth I went: anon I met Maister Time, with his Sithe in his hand: singing Saue Vertue, all things I cutte downe, that stand within my way. But as he came working, I watcht him neare, and as he stroke aside, I suddenly stept to him, toke him by the nodle, and turnde him to my worke. What wouldest thou (quoth hee) I must not stand idle: no (quoth I) thou shalt walke, and leade me to the Port of Fame. Come then (quoth he) goe away, softly (quoth Patience) content (quoth I) and so togither we go to this stately Court: where being first entertained by Courtly, we were brought to Fauour, and so led vp to Fame. Now being on knee before her highnesse, shee first gaue me her hand to kisse: and willed the Lordes to bid me welcome: see heere (quoth shee) the perfec-

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tion of affection, what a trauaile he hath vndertaken onely for our fauour, which he shall be sure off. The Nobles vsed me honourably, the Gentlemen courteously, the Seruants reuerently, and Fauour frendly. Now as I stood, I heard such swete Musick, such heauenly songs, it made my heart leape to heare them: The Prince did sing in praise of Peace, the Lordes of Plentie, the Ladies of true Loue, the Lawiers of Quiet, the seruaunts of Lawe, the Merchauntes of Sayling, and Saylers of faire weather, the Rich of Health, the Poore of Charitie, the Healthfull of good happe, and the happie of Gods blessing: there was no Vsurers, Dicers, Players, nor fighters heard off. Oh, there was a place of pleasure: if in the world there bee a Paradize, that was it: Oh that thou hadst beene with me.

Will. So would I, but tell me, howe came you againe? Wit. I will tell thee: When I had beene within, and without, and heard such swete Hermony, of such singuler Musicke: at last, I came downe into the base Court, led by Fauour, to a lodging, which was called the counting house: there sate Memorie, to take the names of such as had bin entertained, and meant to seeke fauour, at the handes of happy Fame. But as I was going through the Court, I mette one of the Maides of Honour attendaunt vpon the Princesse, whose name (Fauour tolde me) was Bellezza, accompanied with Gentilezza, an other of the Maides. Nowe as I was walking, I stared so earnestly on them, that (not loking to my gate) I stumbled against a stone, and with the fall I awaked, now awake, I thought of my good Will: and see how some it was my happe to meete with thee: but no sooner then I wished for thee, nor then I am heartily glad of thee. will. Gramercy wit. But yet I beshrowe thee? wit. Why so? will. For losing mee. VVit. Thou mightest haue followed. will. You might haue helde me. wit. When? will. When I was neere you. VVit. Where was that?

VVil.

VVill. Where you loſt me: But tel me one thing, where was it you ſlept, and awaked ſo ſodainely? What: was it heere abouts? Wit. Yea, heere Will, heere, heere is the Forte of Fame, as thou ſhalt finde, when thou haſt beene with me a while: there is no houſe, but hath a ſinke: no field ſo fayre but hath a foule ditch: no place ſo pleaſant, but hath a corner of anoyance: he that runnes retchleſly, falles headlong: and hee that is in a hole, he knowes not how, muſt come out he knowes not when. Care is to be had in all things, at all times, and in all places: well, thou haſt knowne ſome ſorrowe: learne to leaue ſelfe-iudgement: follow friend, go with me. VVill. Why? I would neuer haue loſt thee, but. wit. But that thou wert wearie of me. will. Why? I was not wearie but. VVit. No, but that you were a wanton. VVil. Why? I was not a wanton but. wit. No, but that you were wilfull. VVill. Why? I was not wilfull but. wit. No, but that you thought better of your ſelfe then any elſe. wit. Why? but I did not thinke ſo, but. wit. Nay, you may ſay you would not haue thought ſo, but.

VVill. But what? or why? wit. But becauſe you did not ſee your ſelfe. will. Yes indeede, but I did: I did ſee my ſelfe and you too. wit. Indeede, but you did not: for if you had ſeene me, you would not ſo haue loſt mee. VVit. Yes, but I did ſee you, but when I had looked on you a while, I loked on my ſelfe ſo long, till you were out of ſight, and then I loked after you and could not ſee you. wit. Well, but then you ſawe mee not, and ſo you loſt mee: but ſince you now haue found me, follow me neere, ſtay but a Buts length behinde mee, leaſt I ſuddainely ſteppe a flights ſhotte before you, and then a furlong further, you neuer ouertake mee. will. But ſoft, runnes wit ſo faſt, will is wearie. wit. Goe too, throwe off your clogge of care, truſt to me, ſo you do as I bid you, all ſhall bee well. will. Yes, but. wit. But? What? will. But a little of your helpe. wit. Yes, but. will. But?

what

What? wit. But that you muſt of your ſelfe labour. wil. So I will but. wit. But not too much: well, contented, I will worke. Wilt thou helpe? wil. Yea willingly. wit. How long? wil. Till death. wit. Why, wilt thou dye? wil. Not with working: yet will I worke ſore. wit. Whereto? wil. to winne my wiſhe.

VVit. What that? wil. You can tell. wit. But tell mee. will. What? wit. Is it Fauour? will. That is one parte of it. wit. Wealth? wil. An other parte. VVit. Honour? wil. The greateſt nert. wit. Content. VVil. All in all. wit. Where? will. In heart. wit. Howe? will. By happe. wit. Howe that? wil. By Hope? wit. Oh, Hope is vaine. will. Oh, do not diſcomfort mee. wit. Doubt the worſt. will. Wherefore? Wit. Becauſe I bid thee. will. Why do you bid me? Wit. For this reaſon: the beſt will helpe it ſelfe. will. What is the worſt? wit. Enuie. will. What will hee do. wit. Miſchiefe. will. To whome? wit. To good mindes. will. Howe ſhall I do then? wit. Let Patience vſe Prayer, God will preſerue his ſeruants.

VVill. That I ſhall: Then it is not impoſſible? wit. What? wil. To gette Content? wit. It is harde.

VVill. What then? wit. Do our beſt. wil. Content. VVit. But harke wil: ſhall I tell thee a little more of the Fort of Fame: What I ſawe, and heard before I came away, ouer the gate at the entrie, I ſawe written, pretie Poſies, ſome in Latine, ſome in Italian, ſome French, and ſome Engliſh. In Latine I remember theſe: Quid tam difficile quod non ſolertia vincit? By that was written, Labore vertus: And by that, vertute Fama: And ouer that, Fama immortalis: And that was written, in many places about the houſe. In Italian was written, *Gioventù vecchezza*: by that, *vecchezza Morte, et Morte Tempo, et tempo Fama*: but ouer all, *ſopra tutti, triumpha Iddio*. In French, Le ſol Fortune, il prudẽt Fame: Fame eſt diuine, diuinitie, eſt pretieuſe, Dieu eſt noſtre guarde. In Engliſh

was writtē. Patience is a vertue. Vertue is Famous. Fame is diuine. Diuinitie is gratious. Grace is the gift of God: And God is the onely giuer of grace. Which by Patiēce seekes the vertue ỳ is Famous, to the diuine pleasure of the giuer of all good gifts: Blessed be his name, this shal he find, that enters Fort of Fame.

VVill. Oh swæte sparches. wit. Then will I tel thee further, as I walked vp & down with Fauour, I heard Courtesie & Content, (a couple of Courtiers) discoursing of thee and mee. Of the Vertues of wit, and the vanities of will.

Wit, they sayde, was desirous of knowledge, but Will could take no paine: wit would haue Patience, but will would be wood with anger: wit would worke, when wil would stand ydle: wit would bee walking, when will woulde bee slouthfull: wit woulde call for willes helpe, when will cared not for wits counsaile: wit wouldc bee wise, and wil would be wanton: wit would be Vertuous, and wil vaine: vvit would be Famous, and vvil foolish: vvit would be sober, and vvil frantick: vvit would be carefull, and vvill careleslse: wit studying, and will playing: wit at good exercise, and wil idle, and worse occupied: wit mourning for wil, wil making no mone for wit: VVit in his dumps, and wil in delights: wit would do well, and haue wil do no worse, if he would followe him. But wil would lose wit, and wit must worke without wil and against wil: and yet this is straunge, they were sworne Brethren, one could not be without the other. Yet wit could make better shift alone: wit could finde wil, when he had lost himselfe, and wil (yet) would please wit well, when hee would bee a good boye: Which he would neuer be, till he were beaten, and ỳ with the smart of his owne rod: then he would come home to wit, follow wit as his best frend, and neuer leaue him to the last houre.

Nowe when I heard this discourse, I remembred thee, and beeing able to tarie no longer, the hearing of such matter, against him whom I loue, I entreated Fauour to bring

bring mée forth into the Court, towardes the Counting-house: whither walking, I stumbled by the way, and fell as I tolde you: wherewith I awoke. Now good wil since I haue found thée, and nowe thou seest the miseries of the worlde: come, followe me, let me bring thée to a better course: Let not mée mourne for thée, nor other thus talke of thée: I will make much of thee, if thou wilt loue mée: I will make thée giue them cause to say: see what a chaunge? wil is come home wit, is content to bee ruled by wit: hee workes with wit, hee walkes with wit: he mournes and is merie with wit: he is trauailing to vertue with wit, he wil finde Fame by wit: why hee, wil? he is as welcome as wit, as worthie as wit, now hee hath learned of wit, howe to direct his course: beléeue me wil, I loue thée.

VVill. Gramercie good wit, and I thée: But tel me one thing, mee thinkes all this was but a Dreame, for in the ende you did awake with the fall. VVit. True vvil, I was in a Dreame, and so wert thou: wil. Oh then you did heare men talke so much of me in in your sléepe: Awake, I warrant you: you shall neuer heare so much amisse of me. VVit. I hope so too: nowe I haue mette with thée, I wil shewe thée a way, whereby thou shalt deserue no such discredit. VVill. Gramercie. But shall I now tell thée, a little that I had forgotten, that I sawe and hearde in the Lake of Miseries. Wit. Contented good wil, and gramercie too.

Wil. Then wit thou shalt vnderstand, I heard these speéches past among Penitent people: when wit is wayward, Wil is no body: wofull wit, blames wanton wil: wanton Wit, chides worthy vvil: vnhappy vvit, hasty wil: fantastical VVit, forward vvil. Ouer that, vvit thinks scorne of vvil, but yet he cannot bee without him: VVit hath lost vvil, but yet he is glad to seeke him: VVit mournes for Wil, but Wit sees it not: Will trauailes for the Stone, that VVit must whet himselfe vppon: VVil is painefull, but vvit vnthankfull: vvil is courteous, but vvit curst:

Will soone content, wit too curious: will would bee ruled, but wit had no reason: wil would haue beene Famous, had wit beene Vertuous: wil had beene good, had not wit beene bad: wil had not lost wit, had wit lokt vnto him: Wil would doo well, if wit woulde doo better: wil woulde learne, if wit woulde teache him: But wil must worke without wit, and against wit: and yet it was wonderfull that sworne Brethren shoulde so disagree, yet one so necessarie for the other in all actions, as nothing could hitte well, when they were a sunder. Wil coulde meete wit in a Maze, and comfort him with his company: wil could bring wit into a good order, when hee was quite out of course. Wit would be glad of wil: but when? when he found the want of his Freende, which he would neuer doo, till he were wearie of working alone: and then he would embrace wil, make much of wil, and neuer leaue wil for any worlds good. Now when I heard so much of my good Wit, I could not tarie any longer in the company, but frõ them I go, and by my selfe sate downe, where I slept, and wakte, as I told you.

WIT. Gramarcie good will: Why then I perceiue, we were both a sleepe, we lost one another in trauaile, and trauailed in sleepe, to seeke one another: which walking we haue found: happy bee this day of our meeting, and tiyise happy houre of this our freendly greeting: Hee runs farre, that neuer turnes: hee turnes well, that stayes in time: and hee stayes well, that stands fast: he stands fast, that neuer falles: hee falles lowe, that neuer riseth: hee riseth well, that stands alone when he is vp. Good WILL, well met, lette vs nowe bee merrie, shake hands, sweare company, and neuer part. WIT. Content, heere is my hand, my heart is thine. But ere we goe any further, let vs bee a little merry. WIL. What shall we doo? wit. Let vs sing. wit. Content. But what? wit. What you will: begin and I will answere you.

A ſong betweene VVit and VVill.

Wit. What art thou will? W. A babe of natures broode,
Wit. who was thy ſyre? W. ſweet luſt, as Louers ſay:
Wit. Thy mother who? VV. wylde luſtie wanton blood,
Wit. when wert thou borne? W. In merrie month of May.
Wit. And where brought vp? VV. In ſchoole of little ſkill:
Wit. what learndſt thou there? VV. Loue is my leſſon ſtill.

VVit. VVhere readſt thou that? w. In lines of ſweet delight,
VVit. The Author who? w. Deſire did drawe the Booke:
VVit. who teacheth? w. Time. wi. what order? w. Louers right,
VVit. what that? w. To catch Content, by hooke or crooke.
VVit. where keepes he ſchoole? w. In wilderneſſe of wo:
VVit. why liues he there? w. The fates appoint it ſo.

Wit. Why did they ſo? w. It was their ſecret will,
Wit. what was their will? w. to worke fond Louers woe:
Wit. what was their woe? w. By ſpite their ſport to ſpill,
Wit. what was their ſport? w. Dame nature beſt doth knowe.
Wit. How growes their ſpite? w. By wāt of wiſh: wit, what that
Wil. Wit knowes right wel, Will may not tell thee what.

VVit. Then VVill adiewe. w. Yet ſtand me in ſome ſteede,
VVit. wherewith ſweete will? w. Alas, by thine aduiſe:
VVit. whereto good will? w. To win my wiſh with ſpeede,
VVit. I knowe not how. w. Oh Lord that VVill were wiſe.
Wit. wouldſt thou be wiſe. w. Ful fain. wit. thē come frō ſchole
Take this of wit: Loue learnes to play the foole.

VVIl. Content, I will come from schoole, I wil giue ouer Artem Amandi, & I will with thee, to some more worthy study, which may be as well to my commoditie, comfort, as content. Wit. Well said vvill, now I like thee well: and therefore, now I will do my best, to worke thy delight. But for that now I haue a peece of worke in hand, which none must be priuie to, till it be finished. We will heare leaue off talke, and fall to our worke togither, so shall I the sooner and the better dispatch it.

Will. Content. You shall haue my helpe, in it, or any other thing, wherein I may stand you in stede: And since you are so glad of my company, wee will liue and die togither.

VVit. Gramercie good VVil: and meane time let vs pray God to prosper our worke: lette vs haue care how wee worke: what, when, and where we worke, that we may make it commodious, not contrarie to Gods will, contentiue to the best, offensiue to fewe or none, lette the matter be Vertuous, so shall he prooue famous. Will. God Wit I thanke thee for thy good counsaile, God giue vs his grace to do so. I am glad to see thee so well bent: now I must needes loue thee: thou wert neuer wont to be so wel minded. VVit. Better late then neuer: it is good to be honest, though a man had forsworne it: there is no time too late, to thriue. Will. True: And I promise thee now, I hope I shall do well by the comfortable counsaile, of so good a freend: God be thanked, the old vaine is gone. Stet pro ratione voluntas, Sum Iuuenis fruar hoc mūdo, Senex colā pietatem, Omnia vincit amor. Faint hart neuer won faire Lady: Let vs be mery while we are here: Whē we are gone, all the world goes with vs: Let thē take care that come after: A man is a mā, if he haue but a hose on his head. Oh che bella donna? fauor della Signora, oh dolce amore, La Sennora et spada, seza estos nada, Perle Amor de dieu: Beau damoiselle: oh braue huom: Che gallante cheual? Il faut auoire come? That makes no matter: then swertes had no sower: but now. VVit. Oh wil, dost thou

remember

remember al this: I pray thee forget al, and think no more of such things. I am sorie, that euer they were in my heart, but now thou shalt see wee wil doo well inough: wee wil take an other way, to both our comforts. Wee wil to Care, and intreate him, to lend vs his helpe, for without him in deede we shall make an ilfavoured ende, of what we begin vntowardly. I promise thee, I heard the prettiest song betwixt him and Miserie, that I heard a good while: if thou wilt set it down in writing, I wil recite it vnto thee.

VVil. Contented, right willingly, and thank thee too. Wit. Then loe, thus It was.

The Song betweene Miserie and Care.

M. VVHat art thou care? C. A secret skil vnseene.
M. who was thy syre? C. sound wisedome. M. Mother who?
C. Deuise. M. And who thy Nurse? C. Delight I ween.
M. when were thou borne? C. In harueſt. M. what to doo?
C. To worke. M. with whome? C. with wit and honeſt wil:
M. what worke? C. In graine, to gleane the good from il.

M. What good? C. The beſt. M. And how? C. by warie eye,
M. whose eye is that? C. the eye of perfect sight:
M. Who beares that eye? C. The head that hath me nie.
M. whose head is that? C. Each one that loues delight.
M. But what delight? C. That longeſt doth endure,
M. Oh Care. C. I come, thy comfort to procure.

M. VVhence dooſt thou come? C. I come from loftie Skie,
M. when camſt thou thence? C. Euen now. M. who sent thee so?
C. The Gods. M. where to? C. To comfort Miserie:
M. But how? C. By wit to worke his ease of wo.
M. VVhat wo? C. The worſt. M. vvhat that? C. The griefe of minde,
M. Oh. C. Feare not, Care will quickly comfort finde.

Beleeue

The Will

BEleeue me, I like it well: But is Care so comfortable? Yea, in deede is it. Care is both a Torme & a comfort, all is in the vse of it. Care is such a thing, as hath great a do in all things: why Care is a King in his kinde. Did you neuer heare my discourse of Care in Verse?

Vvil. No that I remember: if it be not long I pray you rehearse it. And for my better remembraunce, henceforth I will write it. wit. Then giue eare, thus it was.

The song of Care.

COme all the world, submit your selues to Care,
And him acknowledge for your cheefest King:
With whome no King, or Keisar may compare,
who beares so great a sway in euery thing.
At home, abroad, in Peace, and eke in warre:
Care chiefly stands, to eyther make or marre.

The Court he keepes, is in a wise conceit,
His house a head, where reason rules the wit:
His seate the heart that hateth all deceit,
His bed, the braine, that feeles no frantick fit.
His diet is, the Cates of sweete content:
Thus is his life, in heauenly pleasure spent.

His kingdome is, the whole world round about,
Sorrowe his sword, to such as dare rebell:
His counsaile, wise dame, that decides each doubt,
His skill, foresight, of things to come, to tell.
His chiefe delight, is studies of deuise,
To keepe his Subiects out of miseries.

His

Oh courteous King, oh high and mightie Care,
VVhat ſhall I write, in honour of thy name?
But to the vvorld, by due deſert declare:
Thy royall ſtate, and thy immortall Fame,
Then ſo I ende, as I at firſt begun,
Care is the King of Kings, vvhen all is done.

FINIS.

VVill. Surely, I neuer heard ſo much of Care, before: but reaſon hath ſhewed me, all is true that you haue ſpoken of him. And therefore let vs humbly craue his helpe in this our worke, which wee are to take in hand, I dare warrant his fauour. VVit, Saiſt thou ſo VVill? then let vs goe: Time trudgeth away, we haue talked long: Mountaines neuer meete, but frendes often: good happe comes oft vnlokt for, but neuer vnwelcome. I thought not to haue found thee here, but we ſee Fortune doth much, but Fates more to bring frendes togither: and friendſhip doth much, where faith is fixed: And faith is a Jewell, and Jewelles are precious, and precious is for Princes.

Oh God, truſt me wil, we muſt be warie to work ſo with aduiſe of Care, that as we are friends one to another, ſo we may proue in all actions to ſhew our cheefeſt Jewell, our faithfull heart to God and her Maieſtie: To whom might we once be ſo happie, as to preſent a peece of worke worthie the receit: oh how glad ſhould then our hearts bee, which with faithfull dutie would aduenture death for her moſt excellent fauour: which til by deſert we finde, & alwaies let vs loue and honour our ſinguler good Lord, that hath vouchſafed vs his vndeſerued fauour: and let vs heartily praye for the preſeruation of her moſt excellent Maieſtie, with

long and prosperous reigne ouer vs : as for the aduancement of his Honours estate: who by his Vertues deserues, and by desertes hath found Fauour of her Highnes, loue of her Peeres, honour of vs, and a number our betters. And so let vs away into my Closset of Conceit, where from company we will thinke vpon such matters, as heere wee will not talke on. Wil. Content. Wee will goe togither, studie thou, and I will make my pen, ready at thine, or his Honours commandement. And thus, til we haue dispatcht our worke in hand: lette vs take our leaue, humbly of our good Lord, and courteously of all our frendes: Wishing them to imploy their studies, to the pleasure of God, content of the best sort, profit of themselues, and good example to others: and so Bacciando le mani del Signore, let vs bid them all Adio. From our heart, this, 20. of *August*. 1597.

Ingenii voluntas.

The Authors Dreame,

of ſtraunge effects, as fol-loweth.

NOT many daies ſince, it was my hap to trauaile, not farre hence, into a Countrey, called the Iland of Inuention: where I met with many of mine acquaintance, as well frendes as foes, Now my foes began to flatter mee, and my frendes as faſt to frowne on me: My frends were wit and Reaſon, Wiſdome & Care, Wealth and Contēt: My foes were Wil and Rage, Folly and Rechleſnes, Woe, and Diſcontent: now there were other, betwixt frendes and foes, that ſtod looking at mee, with a ſtraunge countenaunce: as who ſhoulde ſay, wilt thou, or wilt thou not? theſe were Fancie, Loue, Frenzie, and Patience. Now there were two Ladies, that ſate in ſuch a ſtate, that I had much a do, to looke vp to them, theſe were Vertue and Fame: Nowe belowe there were two Spyrites, which I was vily afraide off, the one was pide of all colours, and the other as blacke as a Coale: the coloured was Vanitie, and the other Infamie.

Nowe as I lokt about mee, I remember my firſt words were theſe, God bleſſe me from Spyrites. And then loking vpwardes, I wisht to God, I could clime vppe to the two Ladies.

But soft a while, there is more in it then so, more steppes in a Ladder then one, and more sticks then one to the making of the steppes. Soft fyre makes sweete Malte, *Non cuiuis attingit adire Corinthum*: The Court is not for common persons, let Beggers stand at Gates: I am but a poore trauailer, I must acquaint my selfe with meane men before I seeme to looke so high: let me go speake with my friendes: But what meane my foes thus to vse me with courtesie? What? would they bee friends with me? But let me see who is hee that so frownes on mee? while I am looking on my foes. Oh it is my friend VVit: let mee go to him, and learne the cause of his choller. Why art thou angrie good VVit? VVill is at thy commaunde, if thou thinkest well of thy friende: leaue those frowning lookes, that will soone bring me out of loue with thee. What (quoth Reason) remember who is thy friend: hast thou forgotten what I haue tolde thee? what is will without wit? yea, (quoth I) and what is VVit without Reason? Oh (quoth VVisdome) cold wordes, VVisedome shewes wit cannot want Reason: yea, but (quoth I) where is wisedome: Oh (quoth Care) come to me and I wil tell thee: tush (quoth I) what is Care without wealth? Oh yes (quoth VVealth) Content is sufficient riches. Yea marrie (quoth I) but where is that? Tush (quoth Fancie) come away and go with mee: Come, thou hast beene from me a great while: VVit is become a sworne brother to Reason, and they two are seruants to wisdome. VVisedome, hee is consulted with Care, to hunt after wealth, and wealth forsooth must winne Content. Oh it were a trim life to take in hand to follow these fellowes. Come go, soft (quoth I) I haue beene fantasticall inough alreadie: Then (quoth Fancie) looke where Loue is: tush (quoth I) my heart is done.

What: wilt thou go with me (quoth Frenzie?) no (quoth I) I would I were further from thee. Then (quoth Patience)

tience) I truſt you and I ſhall be friends, yet, no (quoth I) for I am ſure thou neuer cameſt to me for any good. With that Fancie turned her face, Loue lookt another way, Frenzie fomed at the mouth like a Boare, & Patience lookt like a poore Companion. Now came my foes neare me, Will he comes ſwearing, that Wit was ſo wayward, that no bodie could abide him. Rage hee ſwore, Reaſon was ſo wonderfull, as he knew not what to make of him. Follie he badde fie vpon Wiſedome, why, no bodie could talke with him for Care. And Retchleſneſſe, ſware, Care was too couetous for his Conſcience to meddle withall. Woe cried out vpon Wealth, ſaying: it was the trash that he was wearie of, and had brought him to that paſſe, by penitence of too much eſtimation of it. Diſcontent, hee tolde me that Cōtent was but a ſlincher, hee would neuer abide with any man long, and he would be my companion during life, if I would.

Now was I in ſuch a maze, with muzing what to do, that I was, and I was not: I coulde not tell where, nor what I was, yet with much a doo, I made them all this aunſwere. Will, thou knoweſt I haue tried thee a wanton, therefore no more woordes, if thou wilt followe mee doo, otherwiſe farewell. Rage, thou art not ignorannt, of thy vnruly rudeneſſe, therefore runne after mee if thou wilt, for elſe I will gladly reſt without thee. Follie, thou didſt ſo much followe Fancie, that thou hadſt almoſt vndone me: I am afrayde of thee, therefore come behind me if thou wilt, for followe thee I will not, except thou ſteppe afore me vnawares, and that vnwillingly. Retchleſneſſe, dooſt thou remember what thou haſt loſt me? go looke a Companion, lie alone, for I like thee not. Woe, dooſt thou not knowe, howe often thou haſt made me weepe, then go water other mennes cheekes, mine eyes are wet inough alreadie. And Diſcontent, thou haſt done mee ſuch deſpite, that I can neuer delight in thee: therefore

depart, for I will neuer bid thee welcome.

My frendes that frowned on me, nowe hearing these answeres to these customers, came a little neere me.

First (quoth wit.) how now? shall frendes be foes? Wilt thou no more of my company? Yes (quoth I) if I will to what purpose. Why (quoth hee) I will bring thee to Reason: What to do (quoth I?) nay, (quoth wit) aske him that: Well (quoth I) Content: So when Reason had espied vs, hee beganne somewhat merily to looke vpon mee: What (quoth he) hast thou lost wit and found VVit? now I see we shal be frendes againe. Yea, but (quoth I) what wilt thou do now for mee? Why (quoth he) I will bring thee to wisdome: To what end (quoth I) her shal some shewe thee (quoth he) such sufficient good, as thou shalt be glad off.

Wisedome with graue countenaunce, thus saluted me? Olde frende, hast thou left Wit with Rage? and followed wit with Reason? welcome. Come let vs goe to Care: For what cause (quoth I?) of him thou shalt quicklie knowe (quoth he) to thy Comfort. Nowe being come to Care: Oh olde acquaintaunce (quoth hee) What is wit, Rage, Folly, and Rechlesnes, gone togither? and art thou come with wit, Reason, and wisdome, twise welcome. Come let vs walke to Wealth: Wherefore (quoth I?) Thou shalt knowe that anone (quoth he) when thou comst to him: When wealth sawe me (Benedicitie, quoth hee) is wilfull Rage, left with Foolish Rechlesnesse, and woe, worne out? Welcome frende, looke who is heere? Who (quoth I) and with that I spyed Content: Who thus saluted mee: My good frende, nowe better welcome then euer. I like it well, that thou wilt rather seeke to recouer thine olde frendes, then to runne after newe. Keepe still with Care, and wisdome will so perswade thy wit with Reason, that thou shalt finde mee alwaies at an inch with thee. Marry, as wit is

ruled

ruled by Reason, Reason by wisdome, Wisdome kept by Care, and Care hath onely Content at commaundement: so must thou, now thou hast founde vs out, vse vs in our kinde, which if thou art desirous to learne, thou must intreate with wit, by Reason, to demaunde of wisdome: of whome thou shalt knowe more then I can tell thee, and so welcome, I haue no more to say vnto thee. I glad of this their freendly greeting, went first to VVit: My good Wit (quoth I) thou knowest how long I haue longed for Content: how long I haue sought him, And could neuer finde him: and now hauing found him, I am to craue thy counsaile how to vse him.

Alas (quoth will) I am heartily gladde of thy good minde: come, wee will to Reason, for without him, I am no body. Reason presently perswaded with mee, that it was his dutie, to demaunde Counsaile of wisedome. Nowe when wee came to wisdome, hee saide hee would talke a little with Care, and giue mee answere.

Which attending a while, at last, thus it was, my freend (quoth hee) Content is to be vsed as hee is taken: if by the eye, let the head lodge him a while: before hee come to the heart. When hee is in the heade, lette Wit waye what he is, let Reason runne him ouer, and lette mee with Care haue the considering of him: If wee like well of him, letts him sit neerer thy heart: But if eyther wit or Reason thinke him not worthie the bringing to mee, Or I, when I haue considered of him, thinke him not worthy the keeping: as by the eye you founde him, so by the eye loose him. But how soeuer you finde him, loue him moderately: Least with too much you bee wearie, or too little you cannot knowe him. If you finde him by Conceite, wit will soone knowe what hee is.

Then

When Reason hauing talkt with him, I shall sone with Care so consider of him, as thou shalt not tarrie long for knowledge how to vse him: If by Wit, and Reason both thou hast him, it will bee but little worke to bring him to me. When I and Care haue considered of him, thou shalt not doubt how to vse him: If by mee thou canst by him, Care will tell thee, thou canst neuer make too much of him: And as wee now and then giue him leaue to bee abroade in the worlde a while, so must thou giue him leaue to be lacking a while, thou shalt by our helpe finde him againe well enough. God Syr (quoth I) your will be done. Then (quoth he) I will tell thee what, there are three Companions, that hee doth often keepe companie with all. Whose names are these: Fancie, Loue, and Patience. Now sometime wee see him among them, and let him alone, to see what they will doo with him: Nowe sometime when they haue had him a while, they would lead him awaie to Folly: Rechlesnesse, and those fellows, which when we see, then we fetche him home, and lette them alone with Discontent. Whome when they are wearie off, then they leaue him, and come to craue his company againe: Which for a time we grant them.

But what dost thou looke vp at so? Oh Syr, it is at the two heauenly Ladies, how might a man come to knowe them, and to doo them seruice? I will tell thee, one is Vertue, and the other Fame. Now the way to them is this, thou must goe along by Fancie, slippe along by Loue, skippe away by Frenzie, and shake Patience by the fist: beholde, Content is with Fancie before thee, take Wit and Reason with thee. I with Care, will not be farre from thee, and by our helpe shall the Ladies entertaine thee. Nowe, haste may hinder thee, and slouth may set thee behinde hand: Looke where the Spyrites be, take heede least they catche holde of thee, and then all we leaue thee: and then bee sure the Ladies will euer disdaine thee: nowe

follow

followe my counsaile, and God speede thee. Thus with humble thankes vnto vvisdome, I toke vvit, and reason, and set forth towarde Fancie: Syr (quoth shee) whither walks you? Friend (quoth vvit,) tell her whither vvit and Reason shall carrie me with Content from Fancie. Lorde at this aunswere howe shee frouldе: Canst thou not passe by mee (quoth shee) but thou must robbe mee of my Content? Well, thou must aske Loue leaue yet, ere hee go, and if hee will let him go, take him to thee, and away shee flung to Follie: Nowe as I came by Loue: friend (quoth shee) whither nowe? let vs haue a little talke with you. Saye (quoth vvit) your Tale will bee too long, I cannot tarrie: I am going whither Carefull vvisedome, wilde vvit and Reason, to leade mee, with Content from Loue. Oh howe he frowned, what (quoth hee) wilt thou not leaue me my Content? Well, Patience hath a part in him. See what shee will say to thee, since I cannot keepe him: so away hee ranne to Rage, and so I lost him. Nowe must I come by Frenzie, who lokt on me so terribly, that without giuing eares to his speeches, I fetched a leape, almost from vvit and Reason too, but thanked bee God: when I came to Patience, I founde them both againe. Howe nowe (quoth shee) whither will you? Tell her (quoth vvit) whither, vvisedome with Care, hath commaunded vvit with Reason to take Content from Patience, and so to accompanie me, till I return againe. Alas (quoth Patience) *Vltra posse non est esse.* I can not holde him, thou must haue him: and so heauily shee went to wofull Discontent, with whome shee abode, till our returne againe. Nowe was I in most daunger: wee must passe along by the Spirits, whome as I came by with Content in hande, they snatcht and caught at vs. When vvit and Reason, by carefull vvisdomes warning, kept vs alwse from their fingers: Then when they sawe they could not catch vs, Lorde what meanes they made

to allure vs. Vanitie, had a Million of toyes, which so pleased mine eye, that Wit and Reason had much a doe, to holde me from her: shee would shewe mee such gallant inchaunted Glasses, and in them such sweete Ladies, such heauenly Faces, & such singular bodies, with such excellent Graces, that if I had had Fancie with mee, shee had beene fast for Starting: if Loue, he had beene lincke: if Frenzie, he had beene in his kinde: if Patience, shee would haue forgot her selfe. I maye tell you, that Wit and Reason, had neuer so much in their lues to doe, to keepe Content and me from them: But Carefull VVisedome, maye doe much.

Now when Beautie could doe nothing, then did shee fill out dilicate Wines, into Artificiall Glasses, and sette deintie Junkettes, to moue me to that vaine delight. But my stomacke was full, what couide I wishe more then Content? When this would doe no good with mee, then brought shee forth, a sight of gallant Horsses, their heades full of Feathers: Truly, Content couide goe on foote, then thought shee, now or neuer: Oh, shee had a Citterne, on which shee plaide me a fine peece of Italian Musicke, and sung, *Che Compradi Muttonne*. Truly, I was not then fasting, and therefore I cared not for her flesshe.

Then did shee open a pretie Chest, out of which shee drewe out Riche Jewelles, rare Pearles, precious Stones: and after them, Silkes of all colours, fine Ribbons, Cutworke Ruffes, Stringes, Laces, Purses, Points, Pinnes, Gloues, and a thousand things, with what doe you lacke Syr? Nowe of these (quoth Wit) Reason would be gone.

Now suddainly began the blacke Spirite to sounde his Trumpet: but Lorde what an vnpleasant noise it made? Nowe it was time, for I beganne to be afraide, which Wit and Reason seeing, comforted me with Content, of

hope

hope to see the ende of my happie iourney.

Now when I was past them, I askt of wit, what they were: Why, (quoth hee) wee shall heare by and by. Knowledge, here before, keepes the key of Vertues gates, he will tell vs.

Now when we came to him, he told me, the one was a Pyper, and the other a Pedler: Nowe Knowledge, not ignorant of my trauaile, nor my guides; brought vs all before the two Ladies, Vertue and Fame. Before whome we fell on knee: and first to Vertue beseeching fauour: shee demaunded of Knowledge, what and whence we were: who reported no other then truth: and shee considering the friends that sent vs, her chiefe Counsellours, and Wit and Reason their chiefe Seruaunts, badde Content bee of good cheare, hee should receiue Courtesie: so in short, she did vouchsafe vs her fauour: Nowe was I become seruant to Vertue.

But (quoth shee) for mine elder Sister Fame, fauour you maye haue promise of, but not entertainement, vntill you haue fulfilled certaine of my commaundements.

Which are these, heare them: let Wit note them: Reason remember, and Wisedome take care, to see thee execute them. The first is, when you passe by Vanitie, tell her you are sworne to Vertue. And ere you go, sweare to shunne Vanitie, and eschew her vices: Looke in her Glasses, but loue not her painted faces: Come not on the backe of her pampered Palfrayes, and giue a puffe at her foolishe Feathers: Delight not in her Glasses: Drinke not of her Wine, nor feede of her Dainties: stoppe thine eares from her fidling Musicke, and close thine eyes from her Trumperies: Shake thy heade at the shamefull sounde of Infamie, and so passe that iopardie.

Passe alõg by Patience with pleasure, flie by Frenzie with

feare looke away from Loue, with loyaltie to Vertue, frowne on Fancie, with Fidelitie to Fame: Make much of wit, and loue Reason, honour wisedome, by carefull wisoome seeke wealth sufficient: let wealth not make thee Couetous, least that thou lose Content: This is the sum of my Will, which as wisedome writes me worde, haz ses with Care performed: At your returne, I promise you preferment to Fame, and thus fare you well.

Thus backe againe went I, through all the perillous passages, ỳ I had gone through before. Now first I must passe by the two Spirits, which as I came by, the pied Spirit, first began thus to play the Trull with mee, shee helde mee out a Glasse, wherein shee did liuelie showe me such inticing toyes, as woulde haue made a man that had any life in him, to haue lookt towards them.

First, shee shewed mee a troupe of faire Ladies, euerie one her Louer, colling and kissing, chimming and embracing, and loking Babies in one anothers eyes: Anon they were set downe, euerie Ladie with her Louer hard by her, with his head in her lap, and his hand in her purse. By them a sight of swæte Soules, sitting by a Candle, catching of Fleas.

There were other sights of more effect then all these, to set a yong mans heart on fire: but let them all go, when I wisht my selfe a Louer: what? (quoth Reason) Loue hath no Reason, wouldst thou lose me? when I wisht my selfe a Flea: Why (quoth wit) wilt thou bee a Beast? want Reason, and be subiect to euerie slutts fingers? then, I had done. When I wisht my selfe somewhat else, not to be named: I must rule you (quoth Reason) else I see you would quickly runne to ruine.

Now when Vanitie sawe shee could doo nothing with me this way, she beganne to to vse Villanie with me, come saue (quoth shee) dost thou thinke scorne to loke towards her, whome Princes doo so dearely account of? thou

art

art my slaue, and darest thou denie mee seruice? Yea (quoth I) I dare and doo denie thee, I am sworne seruant to Vertue. Therefore a poynt for thee, and thy Villanies: Doost thou challenge mee for a seruant, that do scorne thy slauerie, prate to Patches: when thou findest a fole for thy diet, feede him with a dish of Diddledoomes, for I haue done with thee: if euer I serued thee, I am sorie for it: and since my wages was but lost, I meane to liue no longer by it. As will brought mee to thee, so hath wit by Reason brought me from you both.

At these words her Cake was downe, shee hung the head, her Trumpetter sounded, *Tempest Moote*: thus I past the first perrill. Nowe must I come by Patience, who sate with Discontent, whome I onelie smiled on, as I went by, to see her simplicitie: Promise (quoth shee) let mee haue my Content: Tell her (quoth wit) Reason sayes, enemies are too neere: send away Discontent, and as wisdome allowes of it, you shall heare more of him: Till then, perforce Patience be still, and so Adieu: Shee answered nothing, but putting finger in the eye, let mee passe.

Then came I by Frenzie, whose madde countenance so amazed me, as that nowe it was no boote, to bidde me leape lightly, till I were beyonde him: For wit tolde mee before, that Frenzie was an enemie to Reason. Then escaping his clutches, I must come by Loue: nowe began I to looke away, as it were ouer the shoulder, towardes my Mystresse, who had commaunded mee to take heede of looking towardes Loue. Yet did I heare him vtter these speeches: is VVit and Reason not sufficient to deale with Loue? Why? Art thou afrayed to looke? Why Cupid will not strike thee blinde: Tush (quoth VVit) tell him, Reason sayes, Loue is too loftie for Reason to rule: and VVit too weake when Reason must yeeld. I would bee loath to venter mine eye sight. At this answer, Loue

with Rage kept such a reakes, that I thought they would haue gone mad together. Well, thus leaning them not farre from Frenzie, I must passe by Fancie: whome I frowned on so, that shee had little minde to flatter mee, and therefore bluntlie shee askt mee: what? friend are you angrie with me? and wherefore? For that (quoth I) thou art a blocke in my way to Fame: I would (quoth shee) Fancie were no bodie. Yes (quoth Wit) tell her, Reason dooth admit her one with Loue, but not with Wisedome, and so bid her farewell. Thus thanked be God, I had well ouergone this companie, and with Wit and Reason, I brought my Content to Wisdome. To whome, when I had deliuered my message from Vertue: Well (quoth he) nowe shalt thou once passe backe againe, through this companie, and then thou shalt haue entertainment of thy desired Lady. My selfe will so accompanie thee, that though great will bee thy daunger, yet little shall bee thy harme, and easie thy passage.

Nowe thou hast passed hitherto, with Wit and Reason, I will this giue thee to vnderstande, that I haue a friende and a seruaunt, both of one name: My friend is Reason, and so do I call my seruant: my friend is Reason, giuen mee by diuine Grace, who helpes mee to see howe high the power of God is, aboue the greatest Potentate vpon the earth: Howe much naturall Reason is subiect to diuine Iudgement, by the dutie that Nature dooth owe vnto her Creator.

Nowe as thou goest by Fancie, perhappes she will get helpe by naturall Reason, to bring her to thy bowe: But I will bee by thee, to keepe thee from her bent. So will Loue vse Reason, to bring thee to his Lure, but let mee alone to keepe thee from his lewdnesse: Frenzie there is no talking with, let vs flie him speedilie. Patience will perswade thee with Reason, but I will pleade with her so for thee, that thou shalt passe her well enough:

Now

Now if Vanitie gette Reason, wee shall doo ill enough with her: yet will I finde her Waine so, as that if I lette her blood, I will strike her heart so deade, as that shee shall haue no stomacke, to striue longer with vs: nor Infamie for sorrowe, haue power to sounde his Trumpet.

And therefore now reioyce, that though thou hast long runne astray, yet that now at last, thou hast hit on a happie way: well time trudgeth away, thou wouldest fain be gon, and I would as faine preferre my seruants, therefore let vs be going.

Now, anone we came to Fancie, who had gotten wit and Reason: and as soone as shee had espied me, Freende (quoth shee) welcome, better late then neuer. Nowe I trust we shall not parte so soone as wee haue donne. Yes, (quoth I) for any thing that I can see: what shall I doo with thee? What? (quoth shee) wilt thou not yeelde to Reason? Yes (quoth I) so Wisdome will mee. Why, (quoth Reason) am not I seruant to VVisdome? Yes, (quoth I) so is VVisedome thy Maister. And (quoth he) hath not my Maister sent mee hither to tell thee, that there is no man but must yeelde to his Fancie? Tell him (quoth VVisdome) where Grace doth gouerne, Fancie must obeye. Yea, but (quoth Reason) Nature followes Fancie. Yea, but tell him (quoth Wisdome) diuinee Grace bridles Nature. Yea, but (quoth Reason) Nature will haue her course. Tell him, (quoth Wisdome) with leaue of diuine power, else not. Why then (quoth Reason) shal Fancie be nothing? Yes (quoth I) with naturall Reason, but not with diuine Judgement? Why then, quoth Reason, what doo I with her? Tell him (quoth VVisdome) helpe her to Cosin Fooles, and so fare well.

Nowe, Loue wee must passe by, who thus saluted me: Why, Nowe I trust, we shall be freendes: for all our falling out. Not a whit, quoth I, I haue donne with Loue, graunercie, I will no more of thy company.

What?

What? (quoth Loue) wilt thou not bee ruled by Reason? Yes (quoth I) so he bee not ruled by Nature. Why (quoth he) wilt thou not allowe Reason to yeelde to Nature? yes (quoth I) Naturall Reason: and (quoth hee) wilt thou take Reason for no bodie? yes (quoth I) when I am without wisedome: and when you are with him, what doo you thinke him? a fine to leade a foole to Loue, and a iest for wisedome to laugh at. Then (quoth hee) I see thou art out of lyking with Loue, or out of Loue with mee. With both (quoth I) but with thee neuer so much, as when thou wouldest bring mee in liking with Loue: therefore leaue thy illusions, for I like neither them, thee, nor thy Loue, farewell. Nowe was hee skipt from Frenzie, and got to Patience, with whome (when we had escaped) Frenzie, wee found sitting together. Nowe (quoth Patience) at last I trust (though long first) we shall bee friends. Come let vs liue together: Soft (quoth I) no haste but good. I remember an Italian Prouerbe: *Pacienccia e cosa de Polerone*. Patience is the patterne of a Pesaunt. Peace (quoth Reason) you will not bee against mee, will you? yes (quoth I) if I like you not? Why (quoth hee) doth not Reason affirme Patience a remedie in all perplexities? a remedie (quoth I?) no: shee is a rest betwixt Rage and Reason, in a Discontented minde: Why (quoth hee) is shee not a Vertue? Not (quoth I) as thou canst consider her.

Why (quoth he) doth she not set the Discontented minde at quiet? No (quoth I) but shee makes the minde that would ease the bodie, with outward Rage, kill he heart with inwarde freatting. No (quoth hee) Patience is a Content. Yea, (quoth I) with a Discontent. What? (quoth he) will you admit her no bodie? yea (quoth wisedome) with naturall Reason, but with Wisedome a forced Content, in effect, an vnwelcome rest to a woefull minde, a Vertue amisse conceyued, yet better so taken, then refused for Rage: but when bad is the best, let both alone.

lone. Thus Wisdome deemes her a Vertue, that waites on Villaines, and such a Vertue, as the vertuous minde doth not loue to trouble it selfe with all. Adieu, I haue no more to say to thee, nor will I haue to doo with thee. Well, now was our first passage past ouer: Nowe must we passe by Vanitie: there was a peece of worke. Now forsooth beganne Vanitie to reach out her hande: Friend (quoth shee) welcome, I thought I had lost thee: Soft (quoth I) hande off, triumph not before the victorie. Why? (quoth shee) shall not Reason stay thee: No (quoth Wisdome) tell her, not when I see him so neere Vanitie. Why (quoth Reason) is not the beautie of Ladies, the brauerie of Apparell, the sweete sounde of Musicke, the pleasaunt taste of Wines, and delicate Daintics, the gallaunt shewe of stamping Steedes, with flaunting Feathers, rich Iewels, and such like, sufficient to perswade thee to keepe vs companie: Then art thou obstinate I thinke: No (quoth I) I see a sentence ouer your heades, sufficient to set me farre enough from you. What is it (quoth Reason?) Oh (quoth I) *Vanitas vanitum, & omnia vanitas.* Nowe (quoth hee) I haue no more to saye: I see my Maister is too neere thee: Vanitie, farewell, I must away with my Maister. So away went we by Infamie, who was readie to weepe for sorrowe, to see that now his Ladie had gotten neere a seruaunt, nor he neere a companion to make him so merrie, as to sound his Trumpette.

Nowe passing alone, towardes the Gates of Vertue, wee came to Knowledge, who presently as hee had espied Wisdome, vayled his Bonnet, fell at his feete, and hauing done his duetie, rose of his knee, and led vs through the base Court, and so to the Hall: where first we mette with Courtesie, who conducted vs to the garre Chamber: there was Learning with his Artes, which led vs to Experience, who brought vs to Time: who as we caught

holde of, they brought vs to Vertue. Who first welcomming Wisdome, and shewing good Countenance to Wit, and Reason, gaue mee a friendly nodde, and so staying a while, talking with Wisedome: She came at last to mee, with this sweete and fauourable speech. Seruaunt, (quoth shee) I see thy duetie discharged, my commaundement kept, and my will obserued: for thy continuance, Wisedome hath giuen hir words, and I am content to take it. Nowe promise is to bee performed, thou shalt haue entertainment of my elder Sister, who I knowe at mine, and Wisdomes requestes, will not refuse thee. So onwardes wee go, towardes this goodly Ladie, whom when I came before, I fell on knee, shee bad mee welcome, with these wordes: Youth (quoth shee) the good report that Wisdome hath made of thee, the good minde that my Sister Vertue, hath to thee, doo make me desirous to doo thee good: I wish thee well with all my heart, and vpon Wisedomes worde I could bee content to entertaine thee. But there comes no man to me, without he haue done some notable Acte worthie Honour: If thou hast done any such thing, let vs vnderstand it, thou shalt bee presently admitted: if not being seruant to my sister Vertue, thou mayst some attempt it, and once begun quickely finish it: till then, content thy selfe with her entertainment, and thinke thou hast attained no little honour. So turning from me, shee went to her sister, to whom she vsed these wordes: come let vs talke a little with Wisdome, touching the trauaile of this fellow. Content (quoth shee) so away they goe together, to the Garden of Delight, a place of such pleasure, as passeth my skill to set out. Nowe as they were going thither, I hoping to heare some good newes of entertainment: at the comming backe againe of Wisdome, I heard the suddaine sound of such a Trumpet, as with the lowde noyse thereof I started, and so awaked. Oh good Dreame, oh sweete Hope, oh blessed Vision, to giue so good instruc-

tion.

tion, to keepe me from destruction, from which God deliuer me, my well willers, my friendes and foes, and all one another, that will thereto say. Amen.

Now I haue beene entertained, at the hands of Vertue, (vnworthie her seruant though in sleepe,) I must nowe (according to the cõmaundement of Fame) attempt some such enterprise, either by Learning or Valiancie: as may (by Vertues knowledge) purchase me entertainment of Fame. Nowe for a young man it is harde, for newe a daies, the gallauntest Youthes, become so amorous, as that in long time, they haue much to do, and a great grace of God, if euer they growe vertuous. Well, yet haue I (better late then neuer) beeing warned in sleepe, taken care nowe awake, to deuise, which way to worke, & what to take in hand, to deserue my Ladies fauour: and this I will promise you, there is mettalles in the fire, which though they came from many Countries, yet are they heere so mingled, and abide so well together, as that if it shall please God, to let mee finishe it: I hope to bring to such perfection, as shall bee worthie to be put in memorie. Till when, beseeching God to graunt me his heauenlie, and fauourable aide, and all good mindes to pray for the same: I pray for them, and all other, that it will please God to graunt vs all his grace, that wee may not attempt any thing, but Vertuous, that to his glorie may make vs Famous on earth, and in heauen acceptable to his omnipotent mercie.

So be it.

FINIS.

N. Breton.

The Scholler and the Souldiour.

A Disputation pithily passed betweene them, the one defending *Learning*, the other *Martiall Discipline*.

Written by the saide Author.,
N. B. Gentleman.

To the Courteous and gentle Reader.

GEntle Reader, reade no further then you like, if you finde any thing to your Content: thinke well of mee for my paines. If there be nothing that likes you, my lucke is nought: in nothing there can be no great thing, yet ſomething may bee founde, though nothing to any great purpoſe. Well, there are diuers Nothings, which you ſhall reade further off, if you will take paines to turne ouer the leafe, and peruſe the reſt that followes. Now, though I will wiſh you looke for no meruailous, or worthy thing, yet ſhall you finde ſomething, though in effect (as it were) nothing, yet in conceit a pretie thing to paſſe away the time withal. Wel, if you ſtande content with this Nothing, it may bee ere long, I will ſend you ſomething more to your liking: till when, I wiſh you nothing but well. And ſo I bid you fare well,

from my Chamber at the
blacke Friers.

N. B.

A discourse of a Scholer and a Souldiour. &c.

The Scholler alone, talking to *himselfe*.

IN a Countrey vnknowne, trauailed certaine persons vnnamed, of which, two onely vnacquainted, met togither vnlokt for, the one a Scholler, the other a Souldiour: which ere they met, had passed many a weary walk. Among which, one day about three or foure of the clocke in the after noone: The Scholler almost tyred with extreame trauaile, sate him downe on a bancke side, vnder a shady tree, where, with a hungry stomack (hauing not dined, nor supped well many a day before) he fell to sucking of certaine rootes, which he had gathered in the fields as he went: and finding no better fare, to fil his belly withall, he thought good to feede his fancie with some contentiue conceit or other: But finding no occasion, to make himselfe merrie, all comfortlesse & solitary, to himselfe, he vsed this speeche.

Oh, what a wearie life it is to trauaile? knowledge (I see) is hardly come by, and hardnesse is vnpleasaunt to the heart: when the heart is ill, all the body is the worse: the body not well, howe can the minde be at quiet? And the minde disturbed, what ease is man in? Ah moulde of misshappe, framed to so many miseries: Oh cursed Fortune, that bringest out of frame, a thing so blessedly framed.

med. Oh fonde will, to crie out vpon fortune: Oh, wilfull Wit, that dost not see thy Folly: Oh, vaine Folly that so hast fed my Fancie: Oh, foolish Fancie, that so hast followed Folly: and oh fole I, so much to follow Fancie.

But why do I make this mone? I see nothing to dislike me: alas, so see I nothing to like me. Why? am I discontent with nothing? no, but that I see nothing to my Content. Why? doth it dislike me, that nothing contents me? no, but that nothing dooth neither please, nor displease me. Why? in nothing is nothing, then what so distrubes me? that what must be nothing, for some thing it cannot be, yet some thing it is. And what is it trow I? it is *Aliquid nihil*, that some nothing know I. What? do I know nothing? No? yes, I know this thing, that nothing is something: And what is that something? why, noght else but nothing. Then since tis but nothing that breedes my disliking, let me see what something is, in this same nothing, which nothing seemes something, and yet is but nothing? it is my Conceit. Conceit? What is that? a secret gift vnto the mind. What? secrets are hidden? whats hidden, is not knowen, but that it is hidden. What is that it, hidden? Something vnknowen: then till it be knowen, what is it? Nothing in knowledge, yet something vnknowne, then something tis, nothing, as was before shewen: in truth little something, but prooues to be nothing: and yet that same nothing, no little sore something to breede mans disliking? Beauty, Riches, Honour, Vertue, Friendship, Loue Time, &c.

Beautie, what is it? a deception of sight, a secret gift of Nature giuen to the bodie aboue Captiuitie, sauing that it may bee conceiued to be nothing: yet is it some thing in shewe, though in substance nothing, yet thus much to disliking, that it breedes a lyking, whereby growes a greater disliking, yet both as much as nothing. For Beauty is but a secret allurement of the eye, to liking of the person where it is placed. Now that lyking growto Loue, of

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the person Beautifull: which but for Beautie (some time) were more worthie hate, then, in this it falles out to bee an illusion, a deceit of Conceit by allurement of the eie. But whereof growes this? but of the fault of Conceit: which I shewed before, is (though some thing) nothing. Then of nothing growes nothing, but nothing: If then this deceyt grow of the fault of Conceit, which is some thing, the fault can be no something, & then cannot Beautie be any thing, but a shadow: which in substance is nothing, though in cōceit some thing: but in knowledge nothing. But let mee leaue this vaine nothing, & thinke of some thing else: which well considered, may come to as little, or as much nothing.

Riches, that must needes be some thing: and yet let me see, is there no mo Nothings then one? Oh yes, how many are there? and what are they? Oh, there are seuen Nothings, one in respect nothing: An other Nothing, in a maner: An other Nothing, to trust to: An other Nothing, durable: The first, a new Nothing, called nothing at all. Now let mee see, which of these Nothings, is Riches: in effect it is something, and that thing y worketh great things: it purchaseth loue, friendship, & contrarily hate, and Enuy: it buyeth Honour, and selleth honestie: it maketh things of nothing wonderfull, and wonders things of nothing. It is a comfort to the mind, and a corrupter of the Conscience: it releeueth the poore, and pleaseth the wealthie: it is a helpe to obtaine Vertues, so it is an occasion of vices: it is a worker of warres: it maketh Peace: it is the occasion of much treason: it makes truth come to light; it makes the trauailer: it keeps some at home: it makes the fine workemen: it breeds idlenes: it makes the braue Court: it beggers the countrey. What should I stay any longer vpon it? it is such a thing, as hath such a sway in many things, as almost there is no worldly thing to be counted a greater: and can this then be nothing? yea and how? Why, it is nothing in this, it is nothing durable: it is a gift of Fortune, who giues nothing but mutable: for a Rich man to day, to morow is poore:

It is subiect to manie casualties: and in that it is so vncertaine a thing, it is nothing certaine, not certainly nothing, but nothing durable, then in this it is nothing, though otherwayes something: but enough of this Nothing, and now to some other, which seemeth something, but in fine, falles out nothing.

Honour: That is a thing greatly sought, little sounde, and much made account of, not for the Vertue of the substaunce it carrieth with it: but for the Maiestie of the matter, which in substaunce is nothing, it purchaseth to the person Honourable reuerence of his Inferiours, familiaritie with the Nobilitie, and fauour of the Soueraignetie. Nowe there are diuerse Honours, one Honour is gotten by Riches, which is a thing nothing durable: of nothing growes nothing, then Riches decaied, dies the Honour, then that Honour is nothing, in that it is as Riches nothing durable.

An other Honour is gotte by valiancie, and that is in Warre, whereby the Captaine winneth the Armes, that after during life, he, to his honour, and after him his posterit ie, to his and their honour, do honourably beare: yet for all this, well considered, it is nothing, for that it is not certaine: for that in Warres to day is got, that to morrow is lost: to day he gets an Enligne, that to morrow loseth his owne Armes, bodie and all: if he come home well with his victorie, yet *Virtutis comes Inuidia*: Vee that did clime e by Vertue, may be ouerthrowne by villainie: hes may bee accused and attainted, that neuer did amisse: Periurie may make forgerie, to seeme no knauerie: many times might ouercommeth right, and then executed vpon condemnation, his house is come to destruction: then this Honour, I see likewise is the nothing, that is the nothing durable.

But leauing this, there is nowe an other Honour, got by Learning, which gaineth the knowledge of many things,

and

and the vse of the same. The best things it sheweth, and descries the worst: it teacheth to know God, and how to serue, loue, and honour him: it teacheth to knowe the Diuell, and howe to bleſſe vs from him. By Learning comes Wiſedome, by Learning ill vſed, comunes folly: by Learning comes Fame: by learning comes fauour, of the highest: by learning comes all goodneſſe: by Learning comes that honour, that longest doth endure: for after death, Fame of Learning is an honour to to the perſon dead: and yet that Honour nothing durable, for Fame in deede is but a fained thing by Fancie, and nothing fayned can be true, which proues Fame to bee no true thing: then in trueth it muſt be nothing. If then Fame bee the chiefe Honour of the learned, which well conſidered, is neither any thing in ſubſtaunce, nor yet durable: then this Honour (though manie wayes ſomething,) yet in ſome it is nothing.

Wherefore, leauing Honour, let me ſee what thing is Vertue: Oh, a heauenly thing, it is that which maketh the Souldiour by valure Honourable, and by the helpe of Learning Famous: It is the enemie to vice, it is that which aduaunceth the poore, and makes the Rich honoured: It is an Honour, that the moſt honourable doo moſt honour: it is in ſumme, the wonder of the worlde, the ſtaye of Wiſedome, and the high way to Heauen: and can this ſo worthie a thing be thought nothing? Oh yea, and howe? Alas Money is ſuch a thing, as without that thing, there is nothing accounted in a manner anie thing. Vertue is a Jewell they ſay, but it is of ſmall price, who will giue any money for it? Nay, more, who will not for money become vicious of Vertuous? Alas, too fewe: Then, by this I ſee, that Vertue in reſpect of Riches, is nothing, which Riches in reſpect of Vertue, ought rather to be counted nothing: but beeing as it is, (in reſpect of Riches) nothing. I ſee it is the nothing,

that is termed nothing in reſpect: and dooth not this nothing breede ſufficient diſliking in that, in reſpect of a thing of nothing, it ſhould bee thought nothing. Yes ſure, but when nothing will helpe it, let mee ſee ſome other thing which found out in kinde, in fine comes to be nothing.

Friendſhip, what is that thing? To bee ſhort, it is ſuch a thing, as I haue found ſo much deceite in the thing: as I care to ſay no more of the thing, then that it is nothing to truſt too, then for me it ſhall ſtand for nothing. Some will ſay, it is, that keepes Princes in peace, and Countreys in quiet: of peace comes plentie, of plentie Pleaſure: Pleaſure maintaines health, and health makes a merry heart, and all this comes of heartie friendſhip. Yea but where is that? *Neſcio*. I can not tell, for the worlde is full of falſehood: that there is almoſt, *Nulla fides*, left in *Terris*: and where there is no faith, Friendſhip is nothing to truſt too, and ſo let it reſt that nothing, and to ſome other thing as much as nothing.

Loue, what is that? oh it is a marueilous thing. Some ſay it is a God, called Cupid, but that is but a fonde thing that Fancie faines: and no fained thing can bee thought any thing but nothing. Some other ſay it is a ſtraunge thing deuiſed by Deſire, found out by Fancie, followed with affection, obtained with friendly liking, & kept with faithfull Care: but what thing is all this thing? I neuer coulde ſee, heare, or reade any thing, that found it more then nothing. Some ſay, it is no God, it is rather a Diuell that ſets mindes on madding, and then it is a madde thing, God bleſſe vs from ſuch a thing, that is worſe then nothing. Some ſay, it is a common thing, and yet it is ſuch a thing, as is paſt mans conceiuing, and all mens deſcryuing, at leaſt without fayning, and fained things nothing, howe can this bee any thing (but in a manner) nothing? then leauing this nothing in a manner, let mee go to ſome other thing, which yet will proue nothing.

Time,

Time, what may that be? a straunge thing that ruleth all things, and yet it selfe nothing. Some faine it to be a thing like a man, with a balde head, sauing a locke before on the forehead, with a payre of Wings on his shoulders, like an Angell, and with a Sithe in his hande like a Mower, fetching his stroke, as though he had alwayes some worke before him: But this is but a fained thing, which they set out balde behinde, and with a locke of hayre before, for this reason. That Time, when it is once past, it is not to be caught, it is to bee vsed as it comes, and narrowly to be watched, that it slippe not away vnawares, least when it is past, repentance findes it too late to wish for. His Wings betoken speede, that he makes where hee goes, according to the old Prouerbe, Time tarrieth no man. His Sithe shewes his labour, that hee neuer standes idle: for Time will bee euer sette about some thing, and if Wit want discretion to set him to some good worke, Will is not without some toy or another to turne him to. Happie is hee that can vse him well when he hath him, and twise happie he that doth alwayes warily watch him, to turne him to good vse.

But who is he that euer sawe him indeede, as he is set out in shewe? *Nemo*. None that euer I could heare of. Then beeing but a fained thing (as many other are) let it passe as these things for a thing of nothing: which being knowne to be nothing but a fained thing, let it rest in substance nothing, (though in conceite, a secret thing) which may proue in a manner (well considered) nothing. But nowe there is a newe Nothing (as yet) vnspoken of, which if a wise man heard mee keepe such a prating to my selfe about nothing, hee would hang it on my sleeue for a reward, for him that deserues no better thing. Well, the cheefe nothing of all, which is the nothing at all, that is the nothing that I see here to delight me, which made me vse all this speech of nothing.

But

But whome doo I ſee yonder before me? What is it a man? Why? then there is ſome company to comfort mee in this calamitie: then that is ſome thing, yet to driue mee out of this nothing. Well, I will riſe to him, to ſee what hee is? and whither he trauailes, whence he came, and what he intends to doo? It ſeemes a ſtout fellow, by his ſterne looke: it ſeemeth by his Warlike countenaunce, hee ſhould be a Souldiour. A Souldiour? what ſheuld he doo heere abouts? without a Captaine, farre from any towne, and alone without company? Is he not ſome outlawe, that liueth here in the Wildernelle? who takes the ſpoile of ſuch poore Trauailers as my ſelfe: and heereby it may bee, hee hath more company at hand, eyther in their caues, or in the Woodes heereby, God knoweth. Well, I hope the beſt, that hee may yet bee ſome man that trauailes this way in Gods peace, meaning neither me nor any elſe harme. Therfore, towards him I will, and therwithall vp he roſe, and to him he went: but what Countrey man maybe be? I will ſee. And ſo when he came ſomewhat neere vnto him, he vſed his ſpeeche.

The ſcholler, to the Souldiour.

Ben trouate Signore, bien trouue Monſieur, buene haliado, es la Vueſtra merced. Saluc Domine. Countreyman well met.

The Souldiour.

Well met good freende. *Che ſete voi?* Ingleſe? *Don venes vous? amigo.* Dic mihi quæſo.

The Scholler.

Oh Syr, for that I ſee you vnderſtand the Engliſhe tongue,

tongue, and my trauailes in these Countreyes, hath not beene long: leauing other languages, you shall vnderstand, that first for my Countrey, I was borne in Isola Beata, I come from I know not whence, and am going I know not whither, by profession, I am a scholler: Now what are you?

The Souldiour.

Friend, I professe Armes, and to aunswere thée otherwise, I was borne in Terra Fortunata, I come from a Combatte, and am going to a Challenge. But what a fantasticall fellow art thou? to tell me thou comst thou knowest not from whence, and art going thou knowest not whither: what? hast thou studied thy self starke mad? thou speakest so vndiscreetely?

The Scholler.

No Syr, but indeed I am somewhat wilde headed with want of companie, and almost halfe mad for lack of meate, so that blame me not if I speake wisely: for indeede when a man hath beene long fasting, the braynes will bee out of temper, and when the head is ill, all the body is the worse, and the wittes not at best: and yet Schollers are hardly brought vp, therefore they should away with hardnesse the better: their allowance in Colledges is but small, therefore little meate should content them.

The Souldiour.

Schollers brought vp hardly? No, it is the Souldiour that hath the body to beare hardnesse: hee is seasoned as the Carpenter sayes by his words) for all weathers, hee can go further with a crust, and cuppe of colde Water,

then the Scholler with his pound of beefe, and his potte of beere: the Scholler must haue his diet at due times, or else his stomacke will wamble, and hee must be sicke like a Woman with childe: and oh, it must be well dressed, or else it goes against his stomacke, and if he fare ill once a weeke, hee liues hardly. Alas for him, the Souldiour must haue his meate when he can get it, and take paines himselfe to dresse it, and eate it perhaps at midnight, digest it as he may, giue God thanks for it, and think himselfe happie if he so may haue it. Therefore in respect of the Souldiours life, for his fare, the Scholler is at farre better state then the Souldiour: but then for honour, the life of the Souldiour.

The Scholler.

And why so?

The Souldiour.

For that the Scholler sits alwaies crouding at home in his Chamber, eating vp the wealth of his Countrey, with his nose ouer the fire, or lapped vp in a furred Gowne, to defende him from the cold of the winter: and in Summer plucking vppe the Flowers that should beautifie the grounde, and so goes he plodding vp and downe, with his eyes bended downewardes, as though hee were seeking Pearles among Pybles, or else staring into the Element, as though he watched when the man in the Mone would come out among the starres: And when they come in againe, then they fall to reading of one booke or other, sometime they reade the famous acts of gallant Souldiours, such as Cæsar, Alexander, Hannibal, Hector, Achilles, (and many other that I leaue to recount) whose victorious deedes they take pleasure to peruse, but the base

base minded fellowes, are neuer the more readie, or willing to sturre their owne sote out of the Countrey, to see an inch of seruice.

The Scholler.

Oh good sir, speake not so in discommendation of a Scholler: for why, if he sit at home (as you say) hee is not idle, when hee is reading on his booke, and when hee looketh downwardes, it is because (his braines being busied about studie) hee would not lift vp his eyes, least the beholding of some vaine thing or other (which the worlde is full of) should carrie away his wittes with a wanton delight, from his desire otherwise determined. If hee lift them vp vnto the Heauens, it is either for heartie repentance he makes vnto God for his offences: or else for his grace, to studie no higher causes, then may be graunted with his fauour.

Nowe, though hee stare, as you tearme, vppon the Moone and Starres, to marke their courses, and by them to discerne and note further causes: it argues not therefore, that he watcheth a man in the Moone: For indeede I haue studied somewhat my selfe, and I haue contemplated the Skie, the Sunne, the Moone, and Starres, and this I will say, I haue diuerse times seene a man or two in the Sunne, but in the Moone neuer any: therefore he was too simple to be a Scholler, whatsoeuer he was, that would stare vpon the Moone, to looke for a man in it.

Now for your noble Captaines, whose triumphant deedes you speake of, that Schollers take delight to reade, but not to follow: You are deceyued, for there bee Schollers that beare as high mindes, and as valiant heartes, as any men, and to tell trueth, a good Captaine was first a Scholler, who pursuing the valiant deedes of other men, hath beene by them set on to attempt the like enterprises:

Besides, sometime you will graunt me (I thinke) that counsaile and woords doth much in warres: Is not policie one of the chiefest poynts in warres? Experience doth well, but with Arte it doth better? What sayde Cicero? *Plus ego togatus, quam armati decem.* He did more in his Gowne, then ten in their coate Armours. *Cedant arma togæ concedant laureæ linguæ.* Let the Gunne giue place to the Gowne, and giue the braue tongue, the Bay træ. Was not Cicero, *Oratorum prestantissimus*? an excelent Scholer? Cataline was a braue Souldiour: but yet Cicero and his side, gaue the ouerthrowe. Againe, howe should the Fame of your gallaunt Souldiours remaine in Memorie, had there not beene Schollers willing, (for the good will they bare them,) to set them out with such a grace of glorie, that all men should be glad to reade and heare them, yea, and a number to followe them. But euerie man must not, nor can bee a Souldiour: for some must be at home, for diuerse causes of importaunce, appertinent vnto the Common wealth, which in their kinds are as worthie honour as the Souldiour.

The Souldiour.

Not so. I graunt that it is necessarie for some to sit by the fire side, while the other fetch Wood and Cole. But they are slouthfull, while the other take paines, and whether is more worthie honour, labour, or idlenesse? Againe, when the Souldiours of Rome had playde the men, in the ouerthrowe of Cataline: Was it not a fault in Cicero, to shewe such arrogancie in his speeches, to take vppon him more effect, then ten men in Armour? eyther hee ment it merrily, by some odde ten persons, that neuer came out of the Towne to the battaile, because yet hee sayde somewhat vnto the Souldiours, to encourage them: and they that were away, neither sayde nor did

any

any thing. And so hee meant it to the discommendation of their Cowardise, in keeping farre enough from the fight: Or else he meant, hee prated more himselfe, then any ten Souldiours in the Campe. But happie it was for him that the day went of his side, though the victorie came not by his eloquence: I graunt hee did great good with his perswasions, for in deede good wordes will moue much: especially, in good causes as that was: besides God is good, and he doth commonly giue the good victorie: and if he suffer them to be ouerthrowen, it is for a further good he meanes them.

Nowe therefore, if he had giuen the chiefe glorie to God, and the rest to the valiaunt Captaines and Souldiours: in my iudgement, he had done wel: but to come out with *Plus ego*, me thinkes he played the fole, *Ipse*. Againe, whereas you speake of the great fauour of Schollers, that they doo vnto Souldiours, in setting forth their famous deedes, I must giue them commendation for their paines, but for Honour, confesse who deserues more Honour, the man that doth the deede, or he that wrytes of it, when it is done.

I graunt Learning an ornament, and a necessarie appertinent vnto a Souldiour. Otherwise in deede, it is harde for him to bee a good Captaine, for by Learning, he knowes vpon what cause it is good to beginne warre: and warre offered, vpon what cause it growes, and if it bee without cause, howe good then is the defence. Else if a Souldiour will vpon a fagarie, or madde humour in the heade, goe shewe his great businesse and little wit, hee knowes not, nor cares not, vpon whome, where, or for what cause: I will say his foolishnesse makes him vnworthie of the name of a Souldiour: his deedes worthie to bee put in oblivion, and himselfe vnworthie honour. Therefore I confesse, a good Captaine, had needs to bee somewhat a Scholler, ere he take Armes in hand: but yet

in his Scholerſhip, not ſo worthie honour, as when he hath ſhewed him ſelfe a Souldiour: Marrie this I allowe of the vnlearned, the Scholler is to bee honoured, and the Souldiour to be beloued. But yet I ſay ſtill, the Souldiour is to bee honoured, both of the Scholer, and the vnlearned: of the Scholer for his Wiſedome, with valure: and of the other for his ſtoutneſſe, with vertue. Now what ſay you for the Scholler.

The Scholler.

This I ſay: the grounde, I thinke was before the Graſſe, the tree before the fruite, the Plaine ſong before the Deſkant, and ſo forth. The ground I muſt confeſſe, is worthie loue, for bringing forth Graſſe: ſo is Graſſe to be loued for the Cattailes ſake that it feedes, which wee liue by. Nowe if the grounde brought out nothing but Nolle, then were it little to be loued: againe, the Graſſe cut, and not well handled, would doo little good, and were worthie as little loue. The Tree were ill, would beare no Fruite: and the Fruite ill, would pleaſe no taſte: the Plains ſong, were plaine ſtuffe, without Deſkant, and the Deſkant were a madde peece of Muſicke, without Plaine ſong to be the ground.

But as the ground for the Graſſe, ſo the Graſſe for his ſweete iuyce: the Tree for the Fruite, and the Fruite for the ſweete taſte: the Plaine ſong for ſweete Deſkant, and the Deſkant for ſkill, are loued. So is the Scholler for his Learning, and the ſouldiour for Vertue, to bee honoured alike: and if any more then other, the ſcholler, for that hee findes by Learning, what is Honour, howe it is to bee gotten, howe maintained, and what to be eſteemed. Hee ſees whether his bodie bee to his minde, and if it bee, then if both bee fit to abide the life of a ſouldiour, then doth hee proue a Famous fellowe, if God

ſende

send him good fortune. If not, why then her takes in hand, Law, Phisicke, or Diuinitie, the most excellent study, whereby to win no lesse honour during life, then Fame after death. By learning comes knowledge, by learned knowledge, comes a man of meane countenance to give counsaile vnto Princes: By learning is seene what sinne is, howe it is hated of God, and what hurt it doth to man: by learning is Vertue founde, and howe it is beloued of God, and honoured of the best minds, and so ought to be of all men: by learning comes the knowledge of the nature of many things, and the vse of the same: by learning can the Phisition cure the souldiour being sicke or hurt: by learning doth the man of Peace knowe the law of Armes. In summe, I know no man excellent in anie thing without learning, which is the grounde of all excellencie. If then learning be excellent, the time that is spent in that is most excellently well bestowed, which time may be well called the Schollers time, and the scholler for so well bestowing that time, most worthie to be honoured. Now what say you for the Souldiour?

The Souldiour.

Marrie this I say, the better the graſſe, the more is the ground esteemed: and till the grounde beare grasse, what was it to be esteemed? but as barrain, and therfore a thing of little worth: but when it brings foorth good graſſe, then it is called a fatte grounde, good ground, & so forth. Marrie if this grounde lie in a colde corner, it will be long ere the graſſe spring, and being come vp, it commonly proues sower, and doth not so soone nor so well fatten the Cattell, as other that lyeth somewhat nere the sunne. Againe, if the grounde lye verie high, and nere the sunne, then is the Graſſe so parched with the heate, that there is little sweetenesse left in it for the Cattell.

Then

Then muſt it be kept with watering, to cole the heate, and to refreſh the roote of the graſſe withall. Againe, the cold grounde muſt be often dunged, thereby to giue it more heate, and with that warmth, to comfort the roote of the graſſe, that it may the better come vp.

Now I do not denie, but theſe grounds may bee both indifferent good in their kinds, after they haue beene well vſed as I ſay. But the ground is to be conſidered of, according to his nature: and if the grounde be of nature to beare graſſe, and ſuch common hearbs as will feede Cattell, it is not to be deſpiſed. But if it bee of nature to bring foorth flowers, hearbes, rootes, and fruites, for man himſelfe to feede on, is it not to bee made account off, farre aboue the other? Yes ſurely. And this minde am I of, that at the firſt Creation, when God had made the Earth, hee gaue it a ſecret nature to bring forth Fruits, but many ſundrie grounds, ſundrie kinds of Natures, which according to the ſame are to be eſteemed. God when he had made the grounde, he ſaide, let vs garniſh it with Graſſe, Flowers, Hearbs, Trees, and Fruits, and ſo foorth.

Nowe he thought it not worthie the loking on, till it had brought forth the Fruites, Flowers, and Hearbs, which his heauenly Maieſtie had giuen it a ſecret Nature to bring foorth, to beautifie it ſelfe with all. Which Flowers and fruites, ſome hee ſawe beere, ſome there, and according to the Fruites, hee eſteemed the plotte of grounde whereon they grew: therefore ſay I, the ground is to be thought off according to the goodneſſe of the fruits, which naturally and not by helpe, it brings forth. The Tree was before the Fruit, but till ſuch time, as it brought foorth fruite, what was it but a ſtocke not worthy the proyning.

Now there are diuers Trees, which according to the nature of the Soyle wherein they grew, bring forth fruits

fruites, Nutmegges, Cloues, Cinamon, Ginger, Mace, Pepper, Orenges, Limons, Pounde Citrons, Pomegranets, Grapes, and Suger in Canes. Melones, Abricockes, Artichockes, Prunes, Raysons: And for Rootes, Eringos, Potatoes, and a number of other too long to recite. The colde Countries yelde watrishe fruite, as Plums, Peares, Apples, Cherries, and such like. The temperate Soile, bringes forth fruite, neyther too watrishe, nor yet too drie, but betwixt both. Nowe, the Trees are to bee thought off, according to their fruites: is not the Cinamon tree to be esteemed aboue the Apple tree? is not the Damson Tree, to be made accoumpt off, aboue the Blackthorne tree? Is not the Pippin tree, to bee esteemed aboue the Crabbe tree? The Abricocke, aboue the common Plum? and the Cherrie aboue the Hauthorne berrie? Yes out of doubt, according to the sweetenesse of the taste, is the fruite to be beloued,. In the Garden of Paradize, there were diuers fruite Trees, and fruites, but one cheefe that was to bee honoured aboue all other: for feeding whereof, man was driuen out of the grounde, and forth with toile, to get his liuing abroade in the world, with Gods high displeasure. Therefore some Trees are aboue other to be honoured: Plaine Song is good Musick, but not so good as when the Deskant is made to goe with it.

Now there are diuers grounds, which according to the Deskants are to bee esteemed: What sweeter hermony, then among the Byrdes of the field? what Byrd so much honoured as the Nightingale? and why? but for her sweete chaunge of notes: When she first begins to record it is a prettie birde. But when she singes out in the midst of May, about midnight, the weather faire, and set in a fine bushe: Oh tis a heauenly noise, to heare the sweete wretch.

So the Scholler, is to be made accountif, for his

Learning, for his light in diuers Artes. But now men are borne vnder diuers Planets: as ſome vnder Iupiter, thoſe are imperious fellowes, thoſe are good to bee Princes: ſome vnder Saturne, they are frowarde of Nature, and good to make Lawiers: ſome vnder Venus, & they are good to make Solicitors of Loue: ſome vnder Mercurie, and they are good to bee Secretaries, for they are (commonly) ingenious: ſome vnder Sol, thoſe are hote fellowes, thoſe are good to make Marriners, they may beſt abide the colde of the Water: ſome vnder Luna, and they are weake of Nature, and ſubiect to much ſickneſſe, thoſe are good to make Phiſitians, to helpe themſelues, and other that hath nede of them: ſome vnder Mars, and they are the men that proue the gallant Souldiours.

Now if the Scholler bee borne vnder that Planet of Prowelle, and in his time of ſtudie bee addicted to follow that which hee ſees worthy Honour, which both reaſon perſwades his minde, and Nature leades his body to: is not he worthy to bee honoured aboue the Scholler that is weake of Nature: and vnfit for any exerciſe of great honour: Yes ſurely. My ſelfe haue ſtudied a little, in diuers Artes: but euer I was moſt bent to this Art of war, whē I ſcarce knew what a Gun meant, me thought it did me good to heare it ſhoot off, and ſee the fire: it did me good to looke on a ſworde blade, ere I knewe whither it ſhoulde haue a hilt or not.

What ſhall I ſay, I loued a Drumme and a Fyfe, better then all the ſweete Muſicke in the worlde: and growing to ſome yeeres, I woulde practiſe now and then a little of Warlike exerciſes, till in the ende, the delight therein, drawe me quite from my Booke: So that when I had learned firſt to ſerue God, and howe to ſerue him, to doo no man wrong, and take as little as I might.

I left my ſchoole fellowes, and forth I goe to ſeeke adventures. Now Lawe I haue inough, for my ſelfe (as

I

I saide) I will doo no wrong, and take little. And among Souldiours, Staffor̃de lawe, Martiall lawe, killing or hanging is soone learned. For Phisicke I haue cuough, I knowe a little Turpentine, will heale a great sutte, a Cobwebbe, and Salt, or Bole Armonick, will stint a bleeding. If I be ill at ease, I fast it out: I doo as Hogges doo, neuer eate meate, till they see whither they shall liue or die: Tush, sickenesse comes by ill dyet, then learne by one surfet, to vse the better order twise for it: but Souldiours vse, is to keepe no dyet, but to abide all hardnesse, therefore they commonly are not sicke, but vpon the bullet, which if it light in the breast, they lye not long on it: so that they haue no neede but of the heauenly Phisitian, to craue his heauenly Mercie, to purge their soules from sinne, that it may appeare pure and acceptable before him, at the day of Iudgement. And now minding not to say much more in this matter: What say you for the Scholler

The Scholler.

Syr, I must needes say, you haue saide well for the Souldiour, but yet I must saye, that note the liues of them both, and you shall see the Schollers life most worthy honour: and why? the Scholler findeth (as you say) by discretion, whither his body be to his minde, and both apte for Armes: if not, yet he is ready and able to instruct those that are able, in those cheefe pointes that doo most appertaine vnto that Art. Wherby the willing minde hauing but litle knowledge) may speedily purchase great perfection by small experience.

Further, the Schollers Booke will not lette him be ydle, but to fall to some honourable studie or other:

As if he ſtudy Phyſicke, I fetche my authorities out of Scripture: Doth not Chriſte bid vs honour the Phiſitian? If he ſtudy Lawe, what thing is more honourable, then that which kepes Countries in good order? the Prince in peace, and the ſubiectes in awe? the well doers in continuance, and the offenders in feare? And is not Lawe then, an honourable ſtudy,? If he ſtudy Diuinity, who in the world more worthy honour, then hee that pronouncethe the worde of God to the comfort of the penitent, and the perdition of the obſtinate? In that ſtudie is ſeene, who is the good Souldiour? What is the good quarrell? againſt whome it is good to fight, and who giues the ouerthrowe. The true Chriſtian is the good Souldiour, which with onely Faith, fightes againſt the foule fiende Sathan, and all his filthie and helliſh crewe, whom Chriſt hath ouerthrowne, and troden vnder his feete, this is the good fight: to God bee giuen the glorie of the ouerthrowe.

And is there any time more happily ſpent, then in this warre? is there any man ſo worthy honour as hee that ſpendes his time ſo happily? no ſure, this is the good Souldiour, and this Souldiour is the Scholler: Againe, the Schollers life is ciuile, modeſt, content with little, deſiring no mans hurte, and wiſhing all men well, lothe to haue his handes imbrued with bloud, and ſorie to ſee the crueltie of the bloudie Souldiour. The Scholler ſtudies howe to ſet out the Souldiour, howe to keepe the ſubiect at home in order, the Countrey in quiet, and himſelfe in health: the Scholler ſeekes by Lawe, to redreſſe the poore mans wrong: the Scholler ſtudies to knowe all good, and eſchewe all ill. If the Souldiour dow ſo tow: then is he as worthy honour, as the Scholler, but no more. But in truth, I haue not heard of many ſuch like Souldiours as your ſelfe ſeeme to bee: for you were an olde Scholler I perceiue, before you were a young Souldiour, if your

practiſe

practise in Armes hath beene as great, as your studie in Artes, I must thinke you a rare Souldiour, yea, a Captaine woorthie to leade a great armie: but if you will confesse a truth, I thinke you will not any longer defende your opinion, in that the Souldiour should deserue honor aboue the Scholler.

The Souldiour.

Yes surely, though I must confesse, I see in you the minde of a Souldiour, and the perfect poynts of a good Scholler, and for your learning woorthie honour: yet will I (though unwoorthie of any commendation, having neuer done any famous exployts) giue the cheefe honour to the Souldiour. For though the Scholler doo studie by reading, what is the good fight, who is the good Souldiour, who is the enemie to bee ouerthrowen, and who gettes the victorie: Yet if hee knowe this, and will not put it in action, it is then but for others instruction, and not for his owne soules health. Againe, he that hath read little, by grace may haue sufficient knowledge, that the Diuell is naught, and faith is the onely defence for him: God is the onely victor, and his be the glorie.

But further, he that is borne vnder Mars (as I said before) and hath any thing studied the scriptures: he will in the honour of God go trauaile the world, seeke out such obstinate rebelles to Christ, as take them vnto Antichrist, leaue God, and serue the Diuell: such when hee findes, hee will destroy them, that they may not liue to infect other. What better death then in such a quarrell: What life so woorthie honour, as such a death: What action so famous, as such an enterprise. Oh good Souldiour, that so honours his God: sweete Christ, that vppon the Crosse lost his heart blood for his sake, that he will in his quarrell, to do him due seruice, aduenture, and willingly

kingly lose his heart blood, and his life in this world for his sake: knowing assuredly that he shall finde it againe, with tenne times more blessed ioy in the world to come. The Souldiour seeketh aduentures heere and there, slayeth wilde Beasts, and would destroy the simple trauailer: the Souldiour challengeth and slayeth the villaine that slaundereth the vertuous: the Souldiour is courteous to all men, hee is modest with Modestie, to shew the height of his minde: the Souldiour is content with any thing, and sometime with nothing: the Souldiour dooth helpe the oppressed in a rightfull cause, and dooth hurt no man but his enemies: the Souldiour imbrues neither his handes nor his blade, in the blood of any, but those that would do the like in his breast: the souldiour hath a Martiall law, for such careleese persons as will not obey the Law of Armes, appointed to maintaine good lawes, and to cutte off the offendors of the same. In sum, the souldiour is the seruant of God onely, the scholler waytes too much of our Lady to do God good seruice I say not all schollers are so, but I wish that the souldiours were so, but as God is aboue our Lady, so his souldiour aboue her scholler to be honoured. Howe say you scholler, will you allow me this? or not?

The Scholler.

Yes, I cannot but allow you this, that the woorthie souldiour is to be honoured aboue the wanton scholler, but I must say the wise and carefull scholler is more worthy honour then the wilde and careleese souldiour: But I will a little speake of the scholler, and so I will either haue it, giue it, or grex vpon it. You must consider sir, we are by nature all the children of sinne, but by adoption the Children of God.

Howe

Nowe for the Planettes, in deede the Childe that is borne vnder Mars, is most fitte for battaile, and vnder Mercurie, for studie. But he, say I, that is borne vnder Iupiter, whose Parents were borne, the one vnder Mars, the other Mercurie, he shall haue the operation of Iupiter, wholy, and partly each of the other in him,, and such a fellow say I, will proue the man of Honour in deede, of all other.

As for example, was not Marcus Aurelius, a gallaunt and worthie Souldiour? did he not bestow great time in his studie? who wrote his workes but himselfe? I will not stande vpon examples: was not Dauid a braue souldiour? A man worthie of great honour? did hee not bestow great time in his Psalmes? Had he not as great a delight in his Booke, as in Battaile? Well, was he not in loue with Bersebe? and was hee not sorie for it? Well, though he serued our Ladie a little, hee loued God best, and God loued him for all his offence: and why? for that hee left his follie, was sorie for his sinne, and was ashamed of himselfe: hee craued mercie in heart, and was therefore receyued into fauour.

Wherefore good sir condemne not schollers for serving Ladies, which in deed is your meaning: for Bersebaes beautie, bewitched the wittes of King Dauid, and made him quite forget his Wisedome. Nowe there are fewe King Dauids left for their wisedome: but for beautie, many Bersabaes. If then the worlde be as full of fayre Ladies, as euer it was, and not men of so rare wisedome? Blame not schollers for their seruice, nor make souldiours saints for their minds to God-ward?

But as Dauid was both a good souldiour, and no worse scholler: and Marcus Aurelius, as good a scholler as a souldiour, and were therfore more honored then the vnlearned Captains: so I pray you grant, that the valiant scholler in honour, is to be preferred before the vnlearned souldiour:

And

And that the Scholler is so fit a Companion for the Souldiour, as they can not well be one without the other, and being together, do deserue the greatest honour of all men liuing. There is such a loue and vnion betwixt them, and the one is so necessarie vnto the other, that some men thinke, the one and the other is as it were *Alter ipse*: so that they do deserue like honour, and not one to be higher then the other. Now sir, what say you? Will you thinke so well of the Scholler, or not?

The Souldiour.

Beleeue mee Scholler, since thou comest so neere mee, welcome: This I must say to thee, I see thou hast a good minde to a Souldiour: and therefore since thou art entred into trauaile, and I haue beene in some skirmishes, let vs both forget we are at home: and being heere, let vs determine to season our selues for all weathers, let our faithfull prayer be our defence against the Diuell, and all his temptations: my sworde bee our defence agaynst bodily enemies, and thy wise counsaile my comfort, to arme my selfe with patience. Let vs feare neither fire nor water, care for no weather, faire nor foule: sticke not for night, nor day: take what we finde thankefully, part it friendly, and spende it merily: liue togither louingly, and die vertuously: so shall we be spoken of on earth Famously, and liue in Heauen eternallie: which that God may graunt willingly, let vs fall downe presently, and pray heartily, that we may rise roundly, walke wisely, and speede luckely. What lacke thou Scholer?

The Scholler.

Oh sir, right gladly: and since you haue so courteously vouchsafed mee your companie, I here sweare my selfe, your owne at commaundement allwayes, and as much as may bee: I reioyce to haue found you, I hope to liue with you, and neuer to leaue you, so dearely I loue you, that

that I will die with you, ere I will forsake you: and as you doo loue me, so put your trust in me, and this bee sure of me, that you shall commaund mee, till liues ende beleeue mee. Now that we may togither, to the heauenly place thither, the onely place whither, the Scholler, espieth, the good Souldiour lieth: with humble hearts let vs pray, that we may walke the way, that at the latter day, we may haue cause to say, Truth will not lead a stray. To which good & blessed place, God grant vs all his grace, that when wee haue runne this race, that wee may walke apace, that within little space, wee may all face to face, beholde our blessed Lord, whose name with one accord, lette vs with laude record. And so let the souldiour, make much of the Scholler, and trust to the Scholler, that he loues the Souldiour, and let vs bee sure of this, when wee doo pray, iwis, Gods hand doth neuer misse, to worke for our auaile.

THus did the Souldiour, put the Scholler out of his Nothing: and togither they are gon about something: But for that I knowe not what, till I see them againe, I will heere bid them farewell, and with my selfe wishe you well: Promising that if I doo meete them, you shall heare what became of them.

Till when, and euer, God so blesse vs heere, that we with ioyfull cheere, may all at once appeare, before his heauenly throne, to which his grace alone, guide vs right euery one, both Men, Women and Children: I would he were hanged, that will not say. Amen.

Marti Mercurius.

FINIS.

N. B.

The Praiſe of

vertuous Ladies.

An Inuectiue againſt the

diſcourteous diſcourſes, of certaine Mailcious perſons, written againſt Women, whome Nature, Wit, and Wiſedome (well conſidered) would vs rather honour, then diſgrace. For proofe where of, eade what followes.

Written bythe ſaide Author. N.
Breton, Gentleman.

Hic & hæc homo.
Conſidera quid mulier?

To the Courteous, and

gentle Reader.

GEntlemen & others to whoſe viewe ſhall come this woonderfull peece of wörke of the praiſe of womē (conſidering how little cauſe of commendation, is found in a number of them.) I beſeeche you, before you begin to read: reſolue with your ſelues, to take in good part, what you thinke I haue written againſt my conſcience. And though I haue perhaps, as great cauſe to write the contrarie, in reſpect of the little good that I haue founde in ſome: Yet the hope of good, that I haue to find by fauour of ſome one, (none ſuch) hath made me in the behalfe of women generally, (for her ſake) ſay as much as I wiſh all to approoue, and I would as gladly affirme. In the meane time, I hope I haue offered none iniurie, in dooing them a courteſie: I craue pardon of none, for ſaying my minde, and good

To the Reader.

thoughrs of them, of whome I deſerue it. Meaning, to deſerue as wel as I may of all the world, and deſiring too, as little ill to any as may be. Thus wiſhing you, to wiſh Women no better, then you ſee them woorthy. I pray you wiſhe me no woorſe then your ſelues, as I wiſhe all you. From my Chamber in the Blacke Fryers: this preſent and alwaies.

Your friend. *N. Breton.*
Gentleman.

The Author, to the vertuous Ladies and Gentlewomen.

Ladies and Gentlewomen, or ether well disposed whatsoeuer: I haue (in your commendations) saide as much as I hope you will deserue: and more then I thinke hath beene said for you this great while. Nowe if ye thinke that I haue said, is said for flatterie, you should shewe me little fauour. For to flatter all, I should but haue a floute of a number: and to speake well of all, I hope will make none mine enemie. I craue no further friendshipt then I deserue, nor greater thankes, then may requite good will, which wisheth well to ye all, that are well minded: and if you thinke I haue saide trulie, in that I haue written, thanke your selues for giuing so good occasion: if contrarie, doo your endeuour to make good what I haue saide, and will bee glad to see: and so reste, ready to doo you a greater seruice. From my chamber, in the Blacke Fryers.

FINIS.

N. B. Gent.

The praiſe of vertuous Ladies, and Gentlewomen.

When I peruſe and conſider ſtrang diſcourſes of diuers fantaſticall fellowes, that haue no grace, but in diſgracing of women, in Inuectiues againſt them, in moſt deſpiteſull deſcription of their diſſimulations, in ſuch ſhameful ſetting out of their ſexe. Wherby for a fewe mad headed wenches, they ſeeke to bring all, yea, moſt modeſt Matrons, and almoſt all Women in contempt: ſurely, mee thinkes, I can terme them by no name fitter for their folly, then madde men, that faine would be Authors of ſomewhat, and knowing not what to take in hand, runne headlong into ſuch abſurdities, as redounde to their biter diſhonor. For let a man not quite forget himſelfe, and but a litle looke into himſelfe, hee ſhall ſee ſo great a parte of a Woman in him ſelfe: as that, except he will runne from himſelfe, hee cannot but with as great honour account of them as of himſelfe. Let me goe to the beginning, was not the firſt Woman made out of man? and was ſhee then any thing elſe, but a peece of himſelfe? Nowe when ſome would enuie againſt her, for her deceit: did ſhee it of her ſelfe? no, it was by the Serpent. And further, if a man ſhould conſider narrowlie of it: was ſhee any other then himſelfe, that deceiued himſelfe? Fur thermore, if it were but for the paines they take, in bringing vs into the worlde, beſides the pleaſure that wee haue in the worlde:

wee ought rather to couer any crime, or cause that might breede their discredit, then of our selues vnworthely to seeke their defame.

Some men may thinke, that some one Woman hath hired me, to flatter all, or else, by flattering of all, I should hope of fauour of some one. Some will say, perhaps hee hath a Woman to his mother: some other, a Woman to his Mistresse: some other, he is sworne to the Candlesticke: other, it is pitie he was not made a woman: and some, oh he is a good Womans man.

Now, all these I answere in their kindes: as all Women are not of one nature, so neither are all Natures of one disposition: as one loues to be flattered, so other loue to be flatlie dealt withall. Therefore if I shoulde seeke to flatter all, I should but flout my selfe: and commonly, the hyre of flatterie is but hate, which is so colde a comfort to any mans Conscience, as he were well worthie of a frumpe for his folly, that would bee hyred, to such a seruice. Further, they are fooles that loue to bee flattered, and Women haue euer naturally had so much wit, as to finde a falsehood in a fayre tale. But if fayre wordes bee truly spoken, and by authoritie confirmed: they cannot but be as freendlie taken, as fully allowed. Wherefore, my words in their behalfe, shall shew testimony of my true meaning, else let me abide the slander, of such hipocrisie as is hatefull to an honest minde.

That I haue a Woman to my Mother, I graunt, and am heartily glad off: for surely, he that is not borne of a Woman, wants a peece of a Man, and he that despiseth his Mother, in that shee is a Woman: is to be disdained him selfe, in that he is no Man. are we not commaunded by God, to honour Father and Mother: Is it not written in the holy Scriptures, Thou shalt honour thy Father, but thy Mothers paines shalt thou neuer forget: Then remember the commaundement, and doe thy Mother

ſher due reuerence: diſdaine her not, for feare of Gods diſpleaſure: diſcredit her not, for GOD and mans diſliking: defame her not, for feare of thy Soules deſtruction.

Now ſome will ſay, that I haue a Woman to my Miſtreſſe, I not denie it, for Saintes are none vpon the earth, and Diuels I would be loath to doe ſeruice to. A Woman of honour, may well be Miſtreſſe to a Man of worſhip: in reaſon conſider, and grant me this: what Souldiour ſo valiant: what courtiour ſo fine: and what ſcholler ſo profound: but will vſe his armes, his allegaunce, and his art to win the fauour of his Miſtreſſe.

I haue heard ſome talke they: pleaſure in a heate, that the fayreſt Lady in the world, ſhuld not make them ſtepe to their Lure. But when (without an Hoſtler) they walked themſelues a cold: oh then ere long recant al, it was not I, and cry Peccau, for a fauourable looke, of an indifferent face,

Now ſome wil ſay, that I am ſworne to the candleſtick, ſuch I wiſh their noſes in the ſocket. And this I ſay further, my faith was not yet ſo much had in queſtion, to bee called to the Candleſticke: but if he that ſay ſo, haue beene brought to the like booke oath, I wiſh her had eaten the ſtringes for his labour.

Some will ſay, it is pittie he was not made a Woman: I wonder why: my beautie is not ſuch, to allure a wanton eye, nor mine eye ſo wanton, to allure a wicked minde, my qualities are not onely fit for a Chamber, nor in my chamber alwaies in bed. Then what ſee theſe fellowes in me: if they ſay ſo, they knowe not why, I anſwer them, I care not how.

Nowe ſome will ſaye, oh, hee is a good Womans man: beleeue mee, I thinke it better to bee thought, a good Womans man, then an ill mans Woman. But

as

as no man can be counted a mans Woman, but figuratiuelie: so then a good Womans man, I thinke a man cannot bee learned more fitlie: but if any man speake it in scorne, I answere him in scoffe: if he speake it in despite of Women, let them disdaine him: if in displeasure with me, as he is angrie without a cause, he shall be pleased without amends.

And to conclude, I am of this minde, that as nowe the world goes: he is verie precise, or little wise, that would not rather chuse the fauour of one woman, then the friendship of any man. Now hauing made answere to these obiections, I will goe onwards with my opinion, touching the worthinesse of Women.

Let me see what man was euer so good, so iust, so pitifull, so liberall, so learned, so Famous, for rare excellencies: But there maye be founde a Woman, euerie waies his matche? fetche authoritie out of Scripture. Was not the blessed Virgin Marie a Woman? how good did God thinke her, that hee would vouchsafe to coniovne in her most holy wombe, his diuine Grace, with her humaine Nature? Me thinkes there is no man of any good minde at all, but would thinke well of all Women for her sake: and such as are not good, to wishe them grace to amend, rather then so to disgrace them, as makes them neuer haue heart to fall to good againe. Admitte Eue was ill, so was Adam too. Cruell was the Woman that killed her Childe, so was Caine, in killing his owne brother Abell. But leauing discommendations: now to commend for perticuler causes. For beleefe, who before the Woman of Canaan? For repentaunce, Marie Magdalen? And for causes touching saluation, what greater pointes then Faith with penitencie? For worldlie causes touching Fame. What greater vertue, then Learning? the grounde of all knowledge, howe better knowne then by apparances, and where? but where

there

there is none such, I list not to trouble you, with recounting the names of worthie Ladies, let this suffice, if there neuer were any so worthie commendation, as men before this instant age: yet newe is to bee founde a Woman worthie a more worthie name (if more worthie might bee) who for repentant Faith, with rare Vertues, may bee as well honoured of all godly mindes, as with wonderfull loue, worshipped of all good mindes. Was there euer man learned? so is shee: and by his learning Vertuous? no lesse is Shee? and by his Vertues Famous? Shee as much as hee. Nowe though there bee none such as Shee, yet as shee is of all most excellent, so are there some other for commendation, more then indifferent. But for that I will not giue too much to anie, nor can giue her sufficient: I say this for all Women, that men are madde that seekes their dishonour. The Prouerbe sayes, That it is an euill Birde, will file the owne nest. Then let man consider the Henne that hatcheth him, and he woulde bee loath, to haue the Cocke haue all the meate from her.

Some dispraise Virgins, because they be obstinate: for my selfe, I thinke it a signe of ill nature in a Woman, to bee hard hearted. But if it come with care of Credite, or content, I will allowe it, say Louers what they list, for that fittes one mans eye, is farre from fitting another mans fancie: He may like, and she may loath, shee may loue, and he not like. All are not of one mould, one minde, one nature, one complexion, nor one condition: Loue hath no reason in his choyse, then such as haue founde such hard dealing in fayre Damosels: let them consider of these clauses, and let them alone. Lucke is a great matter in loue, and so let it rest.

Some will dispraise women for wantonnesse, surely, I am perswaded, if the worlde were examined, we should finde a Jacke an Apes, as wanton as a Monkie: We

should finde a young man as wanton, in loking Babies, in a Ladies eyes, as her with flirting him on the Lippes with her little finger: him as wanton in wearing a Toy, as her in wishing the like: him as wanton in his deuices, as shee in deſyres: and he in desires, as much as shee in delights: hee as wanton in cost, as shee in colours: hee as wanton in gift, as shee in receite.

What shall I say? he as wanton as shee euery way, and shee one way wiser then hee: if shee bee bragge of her Beautie, hee is as proude of his proper personage: if shee stretch out a fine hande, hee strouteth out a straight Legge: if shee haue her hand on the Pette in her Cheeke, hee is twyrking of his Mustachios: if shee play the wanton with a little Dogge, hee will bee so wanton as to wish himselfe a Whelpe. To bee short, if shee bee vaine in one thing, hee will bee as little vertuous in an other.

Some will say, Women are couetous, are not men as handfast? besides liberalitie, of courtesie, breedes losse of credite. Let not men bee niggards, if they will haue Women franke hearted. Some will say, Women are yll Mystresses, they giue slender wages in deede: I haue heard some called Knaues, twentie tymes a daye, yet hath not had halfe that hee deserued. Some sawcie seruaunt will loke for a fauour, before hee deserues a fayre loke. And some seruauntes thinkes their Mystresse is couetous, though they giue them neuer so much, if they giue not themselues also. But such as would haue all, shall lose all.

Therefore, let men weigh liberalitie in kinde, and they shall finde Women free hearted, in extending fauour (not fullie deserued) and themselues couetous, in beeing neuer contented. Some will say, Women are foolish: hee neuer heard that the wisedome of a Woman, should bee no

more

more then to goe out of the raine, when shee is in it, and know her husbands bedde from another mans.

But now a dayes men be so phantastical (I dare not say foolish) that if a Woman bee not so wise as to make a man a foole; shee is no wise Woman: No forsoth, but he is a very wise man to match with such a Woman. Women haue Witte naturally: wisedome must be hadde by Grace, Grace was giuen to our Lady: then who wiser then a woman? Weigh worldly wisdome by wit and experience, and let mee see who, with all the experiments hee can deuise, can make a Woman a foole in any thing, but himselfe in the same as vnwise.

Some will say Women are vnconstant, but I say not all: for Penelope, and Cleopatra, Lucretia, with diuers more too long to rehearse, shall stand for examples of such constancie, as no man (euer) more constant. And for folly in Fancie: who wiser then Salomon, who more wanton in Loue?

Some will say Women are deceitfull, but they that say so, bee such as deceiue themselues in Women: to thinke them truthie. For as well of men as Women, it is sayde: *Fere nulla fides est in terris.* Lette not men cosen themselues with a wilfull conceite: beleeue no more then reason leades them to. And they shall finde Women but like themselues, deuising all meanes they may, and employing the best witte they haue to worke theyr willes. And for deceit, what greater treason was euer found in any woman, then in Iudas when he betrayed Christ.

But leauing this, some will say, a Woman is a necessarie euill. That shee is necessarie I graunt, but euill I denie, except it be meant onely in respect of man, that desireth not any thing that is good, and so, his desire makes her ill in estimation of minde, for that shee is the

entent of an ill conceite: but (indeede, well conſidered) he ſhould finde, that the ill were in his conceite onely, and not in the Woman, who is no other ſubſtance then another himſelfe. And if I muſt graunt, as I cannot chooſe, that there is none good but God: ſo indeede I muſt yeelde, that Woman is ill, and man no better, for if that Woman be ill, howe can man be good, vnto whome ill is ſo neceſſarie? But whether may man bee thought worſe then ill, that will vſe that ill, worſe then it ſhould be? Therefore, let man firſt mende his minde, before hee ſo diſcommend a ſubſtance of his owne naturall kinde.

Some will ſay, Women are pittifull, howe is that knowne? by lookes and ſpeeches: men are more: which is ſhowen, as well in words of mouth, as writing.

Some will ſay, a Woman is a woe to man, who put in that to, did it of his owne authoritie, and therefore it is not to be allowed.

For conſider right of the word, and the to is as well left out, as the worde falſely written, for indeede it ought to be written Wemman, not Woman, for that ſhee doth woo Man with her Vertues, who weddes her with vanitie. For man being of wit ſufficient to conſider of the Vertues of a Woman, is (as it were) rauiſhed with the delight of theſe dainties, which do (after a ſort) drawe the ſenſes of man to ſerue them.

Now a Woman hauing not ſo deepe a capacitie to conceiue or iudge of the conditions of man, is onely wedded to his will: which thing how vaine it is, is ſeene when it is bent to little vertue.

Some haue a delight to tearme Women by nicke-names, as in the worſe ſhee is an Image. But how wiſe is the man, that hath his wittes ſo coſened? to take one thing for another? They be Lunaticke, or in Loue, that worſhippe ſuch Idols. And this I will ſay further, if ſhee be an Image, ſhee is liker nothing then a man: in

the

the house, thée is a number of things: in the kitchin thée is a cormorant: If thée dresse meate, is thée not worthy to eate? I haue séene a man eate the meate that a woman hath dressed: and men liker Cranes, then Women Cormorants. In the milke house thée is a Catte: why? if thée milke a Cowe, is thée not worthie to taste it for her labour? In the Cheese thée is a Mouse: why? thée sette the Curdes together, should thée not taste the meate. In the bakehouse she is a Bée, for her busie stirring about. Yet her sting is but her tongue, that hurts no body, except thée be troubled: then allowe the Bée her Hiue, and let her rest. In the Buttrie thée is a Spyte, but thée dooth no hurt, but fray a Mouse from the bread, and a theefe from the Cubborde. In the Seller thee is a Sowe, and yet I haue séene one Dutch man drinke more then fiue English women. In the Hall thée is a Hare, but being tame, take heede how you hunt her. In the Parler thee is a Parrat, thée learnes but what is taught her, and an Almonde will please her. In the Chamber thee is a Birde, and who sings sweéter then the Nightingale? In the bedde thée is a Flea, if thee layde on the Blankets, thée is more worthy to lye in the Sheetes.

But well, if it were not for making women to be worse then they would be, I would tell them howe they might tear me men in sundrie places, both within and without the house. But let this suffice, I meane but onely to commende Women, and not offend men. And if I haue vnwittingly offended any, I willingly aske pardon of all, with promise of amendes, if my power serue me.

For qualities worthy commendation, sée who is to bee preferred, the Man or the Woman? without the house for husbandrie: if hée mowe, thée can tedde: if hée tedde,

ſhee can turne: if he cocke, ſhee can rake: if hee loade, ſhe can laye abroade: if hee ſowe, ſhee can reape: if hee can ſhocke, ſhee can binde Sheafes: if hee can threſh, ſhee can Fanne: if hee grinde, ſhee can boult: if hee lay Leauen, ſhee can heate the Ouen: If hee knowe howe to buy a Cowe, ſhee can milke her: if hee breake a Horſe, ſhee can ride to the Market on him: if he buye a Sowe, ſhee can ſerue her: if hee bring home the milke, ſhee can ſette it together: if hee make a Panne, ſhee can fleete the milke: if hee make a Cheame, ſhe can make Butter: if hee make a Preſſe, ſhee can make Cheeſe: If he dreſſe the Garden, ſhee can weede it: if hee ſowe good Hearbes, ſhee can gather Sallets: if hee ſette ſweete Flowers, ſhee can make a fine Poſegaye: if hee gather good Hearbes, ſhee can make good Pottage: if hee bee a good Cooke, ſhee is a good Dairie Woman: if hee bee a good Baker, ſhee is a good Brewer: if hee bee good in the Pantrie, ſhee is as good in the Paſtrie: if hee bee at his Penne, ſhee is at her Needle: if hee bee a good Taylor, ſhee is a good Sempſter: and if he bee a good Builder, ſhee is a good Launder. And which is more worthy loue, a cleane Shyrte, or a fine Coate?

Nowe in higher cauſes: if hee be Valiaunt, ſhee is Vertuous: if hee can leape well, ſhee can daunce well: if hee can playe well, ſhee can ſing well: if hee can commende, ſhee can thankfully conſider: and if hee can take it well, ſhee can thinke it well beſtowed: if hee can write, ſhee can reade: if hee can ſweare truely, ſhee can beleeue faythfully: if he can deſerue, ſhee can giue due: if hee can like honourably, ſhee can loue heartily. In fine, if hee haue any good qualitie, ſhee hath another.

It were but a follie, to fill my Booke with examples, of this Woman for constancie, and that for fidelitie, an other for Huswiferie, and the other Woman, for worthie wit. Let this suffice in briefe, there is in sickenesse no greater comfort, in health no better companion, to a wise man, then a wittie woman.

Nowe for wise women, I thinke his should shew himselfe a verie vnwise man that woulde wish for such a one. I remember a prettie speech, once vttered by a verie wise man: when a man (as it seemed) not verie wise, came to him for his counsaile, what he might doo, to come by a certaine Jewell, that was stollen from him out of his Chamber: and (hauing told his losse) before he would heare of his aduise. Sir (quoth he) were I not best to go to a wise woman. Yes marry (quoth hee) if you knewe where any such were. Meaning that they were so hard to hit on, that it were but follie to seeke them. Nowe what pittie it is to see some men so vnwise, to thinke such wisedome in any Woman: after he had lost his Jewell, if hee would e haue lookt into himselfe, and found his owne follie, before hee had sought such wisedome in a woman: hee should haue seene that it were more wisdome for a man, to keepe that he hath warely, then vnwisely to runne to a woman, to seeke for wit how to finde it againe.

But I will stand no more vpon this poynt, let it suffice that it is wisedome for a man to take heede, that a Woman be not wiser then himselfe: and howe wise so euer he bee, to count them no fooles. For in deede, as the common Prouerbe is, The wit of a Woman is a great matter: and true, when a man with all his wisedome, is sometime to learne wit of her.

In mine opinion, I heard a verie wise speech of a verie wittie Woman, touching the wisedome (if any) that ought to bee in a Woman. In a Mayde, to take care in choyse of a Husbande: in a marryed woman, to loue none

none but her husband: in a widow, to prouide for her children: in an old woman, to haue care of her end.

Now for men, if a Batcheler take heed what wife hee takes, and hauing taken a wife, to loue no other woman: a Widdower, to loke for his children, before a newe wife, and an olde man his graue: is it amisse? no I warrant yee. Nowe men must bee wise, in caring for Women, and themselues to, and Women no wyser, then in caring for such men as care for them. But if a man bee so vnwise to trouble a Womans wit to care for him? howe wise is hee? and what a wit hath shee. Confesse you that haue guiltie consciences, and learne to bee wise: and thinke this sufficient commendation for a Woman, if shee bee a Virgin for chastitie, with Virginitie vertuous, of condition courteous, and true of loue: such a Woman ought to bee, and if such they be not, pray for them as I doe, and such as are, honour them as worthie: and for their sakes, all other whatsoeuer they bee, iudge the best till you see the contrarie: and where you knowe it, shake your heade and say nothing: but it is pitie, God hath done his part in her, God amend her: put the fault in pride, and not in her. And you shall see such a chaunge, that it was not shee, no forsoth (as little children say) it was the Bulbegger.

They say nowe, the worlde is towardes the last yeare, and men towarde they? last wittes: then let Women bee towardes their first Wisedome. And if they shew but little Wisedome: yet let that haue such commendation, that they may bee encouraged, to continue and encrease the same. For surely (well considered) a man can not do honour to a more worthie person, then a Woman. Is it not an abuse in a man to dispraise his friende? What greater friend to a man, then a Woman? who can discommend that he loues? except he dissemble sore? hypocrisie is as ill as heresie. What can a man loue more

then

then a Woman? what, such loue as betwixt them? Marrie some will say, they must loue deerely, or hate deadly. God forbidde, that anie man should bee out of charitie: I would thinke it a harde matter to hate a woman. Yet since it is possible to doo little better: I thinke it wisdome to conceale it, for there is nothing gotten by reuealing it.

Well, not to seeme tedious, let me drawe towards an ende: thinke well of as many as you may, loue whome you haue cause, hate none, whatsoeuer you thinke, say nothing in their dishonour, least you growe in their vtter dislyking: and then your rewne as good as your company. When you seeke for fauour, take a flowte with you: I maruaile you can away so long with a Womans companie, &c.

But well, to auoyde the frumpes, flowtes, skowles, disdainefull speeches, quippes, tauntes, and angrie countenances, that Women will some bestow, where they see cause, doo this: if you cannot loue, yet doo not loath: if you will not honour, yet doo not hate: if your conscience let you not, commend them, yet let your courtesie not let you doo the contrarie. Remember your Mother, forget not your friend, offend not your Mistresse, and make much of your selfe: If you like my counsaile, followe it: if not disdaine it not: if you loue a Woman, remember mee: if you care for none, wee will none of vs trouble you: if wee doo it, it is agaynst our willes. But who is he that loues not a Woman? and wherefore then will any looke awrie vpon mee? I knowe not, and shall I say I care not? Well, let it goe, since it is not, I doo all for the best, and I trust the best will take it so: as for the rest, there lyes neither life nor death vpon a looke, and therefore hoping the best, I will not doubt the contrarie. And if men be as well contented with me for this prayse of Women, as I am determined to content them, with the like of them

hereafter: if will be not froward, and Wit faile me not, I trust the Ace of Diamonds will go to the stocke, and cuerie man will be pleased. In the meane time aboute some better worke, then I meane to make boast of: I must attend my Haruest, ere I fall to Hawking.

Thus if I said anie thing amisse, God forgiue me: if I haue sayde well, God bee thanked, take it among you: if I haue said truly, it is not to be blamed, if otherwise, I haue but spoken mine opinion, which I hope to see fully approued. And so sorie, if I haue sayd that the wise will mislike, and glad if I haue written, that the good will take well. I concludes of a suddaine, with this short sentence, *Hic & hæc homo, Considera quid mulier*, Like of them as you list, loue whom you can: when you seeke for fauour. God send you good fortune. And so fare you well.

FINIS. N. G. Gent.

A Dialogue betweene Anger and Patience.

Anger.

Ile on the world, the flesh, and the Diuell. Patience. What is the matter? Anger. The world is naught. Pati. It may amend. Anger. When it is too late. Patience. Better late then neuer. Anger. As good neuer a whit, as neuer the better. Patience. A crust is better then no bread at all. Anger. A crust is hard of disgestion. Patience. Not for a hungrie stomacke. Anger. Oh, it will aske vile chewing. Patience. Take time enough. Anger. My belly will thinke my throate cut, that I feede no faster. Patience. A little sufficeth Nature. Anger. When she hath enough. Patience. Then she needes no more. Anger. Yea, but where is that enough. Patience. In Gods Grace. Anger. Why, I haue the grace of GOD, but I want the wealth of the world, to grace my selfe withall. Patience. Alas, the brauerie of the world is but beggerie before God. And the rich man to heauen, goes as a Cammell through a Needles eye. Anger. Yea. but begging is a vile life in the meane time. Patience. Then worke. Anger. That goes against the Woll. Patience. Paines brings profit. Anger. I haue often lost my labour. Patience. Take heed then how you worke. Anger. Had I wist was a fole. Patience, Then learne to be wise.

A Dialogue, betwvneen

Anger. But how. Patience. Not with haſte. Anger. How much leyſure? Patience. A little and a little. Anger. Wordes are good, but that they bring no ſubſtance. Patience. A colde winde is good in a hotte Summer. Anger. Yea, but the winde of wordes is but a blaſt. Patience. I perceiue one cooling card will not ſerue a hot gameſter. Anger Oh what a ſlaue was I? Patience. Wherefore? Anger. Play, play. Patience. Play no more. Anger. Oh, *Primero*. Patience. Reſt from raſhs. Anger. And what ſhall I do? Patience. Be quiet. Anger. I cannot. Patience. What troubles you? Anger. All things, Men Women, and Children: Men be deceitfull, Women worſe, and Children coſtly. Patience. Condemne not all for a few, and take heede whome you truſt. Men are wiſe, Women wittie, and Children muſt bee cared for. Anger. Why dooſt thou croſſe me. Patience To turne thee to right. Anger. Whyre whether was I going? Patience. From thy ſelfe. Anger. Why, am I mad. Patience. No, but in a melancho'y. Anger. That is but an humour. Patience. Know yeu whereof it comes? Anger. No, I pray you tell me. Patience. Of Choller. Anger. How ſhould I get helpe of it, Patience. It muſt be purged by Patience. Anger. That is fooliſh Phiſicke. Patience. Yet will it worke well. Anger. When ſhall I take it? Patience. Euening and morning, and euery day. Anger. For how long? Patience. during life. Anger. What? wilt thou bind me to a diet? Patience. That ſhall do thee good, refuſe not. Anger. What ſhall I pay for it? Patience. Repentance. Anger. Who ſhall haue it. Patience. Selfe will. Anger. Will that pleaſe him? Patience. Hee may not refuſe it. Anger. When muſt I pay it. Patience. When you take your Phiſicke. Anger. What good will it doo mee? Patience. Great: It will cleare you of

Choller,

Choller, it will make you finde a new world: teach you how to knowe your friendes, and to beware of your foes: the way to a quiet life, a happie ende, and Heauen hereafter.

Anger. Oh, good Phisick. Patience. None such. Anger. When is it good taking it. Patience. In the fall or spring, or at any other time. Anger. Howe shall I take it? Patience. Fasting in the morning, and eate what you can gette after: Sleepe not before your eyes be together, and keepe you as warme as your cloathes will giue you leaue: walke vp and downe about your businesse, and suppe not late, except you haue not eaten any thing all day before. Keepe this order, and my life for yours, this heate of yours will quite away, keepe it for an excellent peece of Phisicke: You may make it with a little cost, and no great labour.

Anger. Syr, for your good will I thanke you, but for your Medicine I gesse it of meane effect: yet for that I am troubled with a Melancholie, I meane to trie your cunning. In the meane time I will fetch a sigh for my sinnes, and bidde you fare well. I am but yong, and am going to age: hee hath promised me to learne mee some good Lessons. Patience. And with him shall you finde me, and so till we meete, farewell,

Thus is Youth gone to Age, of whose meeting yee shall heare more ere long: In the meane time I craue you, Patience, to beare with that hath passed, and if hereafter you heare of any better stuffe: thinke of it as it deserues, and of mee as you haue cause, in minde to giue you as good cause as I can, to thinke the best of me.

Meane time, hoping I haue giuen no man cause to say ill by mee, I wish all the worlde to thinke the best of euerie man, and so of mee among the rest. Who wish

A Dialogue, betweene

none ill, but all as well as I desire them to with me:
And so fare you well.

Patientia Penitentia.

FINIS. N.B. Gent.

NOw Gentlemen, when I had finisht vp my booke, and bade you farewell, came to my remembraunce, an olde peece of Phisicke, good for such persons as are sicke like my selfe, which for that I guesse it as profitable as it may seeme pleasaunt: I am to desire you to reade a little more what followes. It was my happe (not many months since) to be verie sicke, when, so weake as I could not well walke abroade: I tooke my pen, and wrote vnto my friends, of such matters as stoode me vppon not to let slip, Among which, my health beeing not the least thing that I tooke care of: I wrote vnto a friend of mine, whom I counted a good Phisition, to minister me some such Phisicke, as he thought good for the disease. Now the man well acquainted with the cause, and minding rather to comfort me with some merrie counsaile, then weaken mee with too many Medicines: wrote me word, to obserue such a diet, as I think is verie requisite for all men, that shall fall into like Feuer, to take care to keepe: and when they haue found as much ease, as I haue done in it, then I shall haue as much thankes as he had: but least I seeme tedious ere I begin, thus it was.

A Phisitions Letter.

COmmendations considered, sorie for your heauinesse, yet glad of your good remembrance, (notwithstanding, your great weaknesse:) This is to let you vnderstand, that nowe you are determined to take my counsaile, and trouble your selfe with no more Phisicke. Vpon Thursday fortnight (God willing) I meane to see you: till when, for that I see no daunger of death in you, I haue heere written you worde, what order you shall take, and when I come, we will talke further. First considering that the cause growes of conceyte, which hath bredde such a hearts greefe in you, as will hardly bee cured without Gods great goodnesse: and yet by his grace, is not past helpe. This you shall do, thinke not of that you haue lost, for the losse will gaine you nought, but greefe: and cast not to get any thing ill, least the gaine breede as great an after sorrow as the losse: and to recouer your health, and estate by such good meanes as it may continue, this you shall do. Obserue this order.

In the morning when you rise, serue God, and hee will see to you: washe your handes with running water, it is good for the heate of the Liuer: make your breakfast of a warme broath, which you shall make of Herbes in this sort. Take a handfull of Time, and put as much Rewe into it: stampe with these two, a roote or two of Repentance, and straine them into a fayre Dish, with the iuyce Purselaine, let it stande on the fire till it bee luke warme, then taste it with your fingers ende, and if you like it not, throwe it out at the Windowe: vpon my worde, it will neuer hurt you. For your meate, you may nowe and

then

then, if your stomacke stande to flesh, eate of a little warme Mutton, but take heede it be not laced, for that is ill for a sicke body: For chaunge now and then, eate of a Rabbet, it is as restorative, olde Cunnies are to drye, and too harde of digestion. You may nowe and then eate of a Larke, it is good and light meate, but Buntings are to bitter. A Partridge is not a misse, but eate not of a plum Plouer. A Chicke now and then of a moneth olde, but Marche Birds are to strong meate. A Woodcocke manie sicke folkes may be bold withall, but a Cowse of all other, is a vile Bird, a perilous meate, for a sicke person. And of all meates, Foule or other flesh, whatsoeuer, take heede of Venison, as Does flesh, and Hares flesh, and such like, they are stirring meates, and will distemper the body verie much.

For fishe, of all, beware of swallowing a Gudgine whole, or a Leaping Whyting, a Coddes heade, is not verie good, and a salte Eele is vnholsome: if I lye, aske the Ship Boye. Drinke not too much Wine, leaste it inflame the bloud, and bring the Purse into a consumption.

Comforte your selfe with hope of better happe, then you haue had, considering you cannot well haue worse. Followe harde the good worke you haue in hande, and finishe it as well as you haue begunne, it will make you amendes for a great deale of mispent time, it will purchase you credit, payment for your paines, good thoughts of your betters, thanks of your freends, and content to your selfe.

Thus loth to trouble you, with any more matter at this time, I pray you followe my counsaile, and when I come, tell mee what ease you finde: In the meane time, as the Fidler sayes, I praye you bee merie, as you may (I meane) though not as you woulde, and so God keepe

A Phisitions Letter.

you, send you your health, both of vs his grace, and all
freendes a merrie meeting. In haste from my
Chamber, in Smithfielde.

Your better freende,
then Phisition.

R. S.

Il ſano non ha biſogno del medico.

When I had receiued this Letter from this my friendly Phisition, I take more comfort in the mirth of this order set downe, then care for the obseruance of the same. But as neiue and then a sick mans spirits shall be somewhat more reuiued vpon a suddaine merie iest, then a sullen medicine, so was I more pleased with this merie counsaile, thē I thinke I should haue beene with this Phisicke: but as in health no better company, than a pleasant frende: so, in sickenesse, no better comfort, then a merie companion.

I must needes say, both do well: for, as Phisicke doth minister Medicines, to purge such ill humors, as do inflame the blood, infect the Liuer, and so bring the body into diseases: so doth the pleasaunt speeche of an honest frende, purge the minde of such melancholicke conceites, as bring the braine into such hurlie burlie, as that all the body is the worse for it. For make the body neuer so cleane from all causes of infection, yet let the minde be disturbed, within a little time you shall see the body brought into such sickenesse, as is hardly to bee cured. But lette a man bee neuer so sicke, if he haue the companie of such a companion, as he may finde content with all: his sickenesse, will by little and little so some away, as all the art in the worlde is not able to do without it. What shall I further saye? There is no sickenesse, no sore, as that growes of sorrowe, no better meane to cure it, then the company of a contentiue frende: and whereas company cannot bee had: merie counsaile must serue the turne. I speake by experience in sorrow no man sicker, with Phisicke no man weaker: desiring myth, no man more emoying no man lesse, by Gods good helpe, in the middest of this miserie, found a frende vnlokt for, that seeing me in

such extremitie, of a suddaine, fell into a great laughing, not for ioye to see my sorrowe, but for a wonder to see me in such a wofull case? Now knowing my frendes nature, scarce able to force a smile, I laughed a little for company.

Nowe to make me merie, the best Medicine for a suddaine mating, he begins to tell me what hap he had to visit sicke Folkes: For that not an houre before he had beene with a verie frende of mine, and his too, whom he had left halfe franticke, of a fantasticall Feuer. Forsothe, he was so farre in Loue, as nothing woulde serue his turne, but Death.

No grace with him, but shaking the heade with a terrible sigh or two: and not a worde, but ah, and oh, and now and thē rise off his bed in a rage, knitting his browes, with Cancro, and then hee spake Italian, and by and by make obeysaunce to the windowe, downe on his knees, lift vp his hands, kisse his hand, let fall a teare or two, with madame: and with that word teare open his buttons, throwe off his hat, fling away his Pantofles, breake all the strings of his Lute, knocke the belly against the bedde poste, and runne to his Sworde, when then it was time to catche holde of him, and so with frendlie perswasions, to bring him to better quiet. And in the ende of his tale, but thou art not so: when God knowes, hee founde me in farre tamer taking. Yet to bee short, with this pleasaunt Tale, hee trifled out the time, til my fit was ouer: when wee fell to such frendly communicacion, as merily passed away that day, and after many mo, til in the ende with Gods helpe, I recouered, to whome bee giuen the glorie of all health: who in deede in health, is the onely good frende, and in sickenesse, the onely Phisition, that comforteth and cureth the most sicke, that trusteth in his heauenly helpe.

Thus haue you heard, what good a merie feeling doth in time of sickenesse: which (as you shall haue occasion) sende

for

for to your comfort, alwaies accounting and honouring God as the cheefest Phisition. To whome for our health, and other his benifites otherwise bestowed vpon vs, be giuen all glory and praise, world without ende. Amen.

Medico del Anima Iddio,
Del corpo buon Compagno.

FINIS.

N. B. Gent.

A Table of the Discourses.

The first: The Will of Man. Fol. 1
The second: The Author's Dreame. Fol. 10
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The fift: The Praise of Women. Fol.
The farewell: A merie perce[illegible] Phisicke.

What faules are escaped in the Priming, finde by discrecion, and excuse the Author, by other worke that letteth him from attendaunce to the Presse.

Non ha che non sa

N. B. Gent.